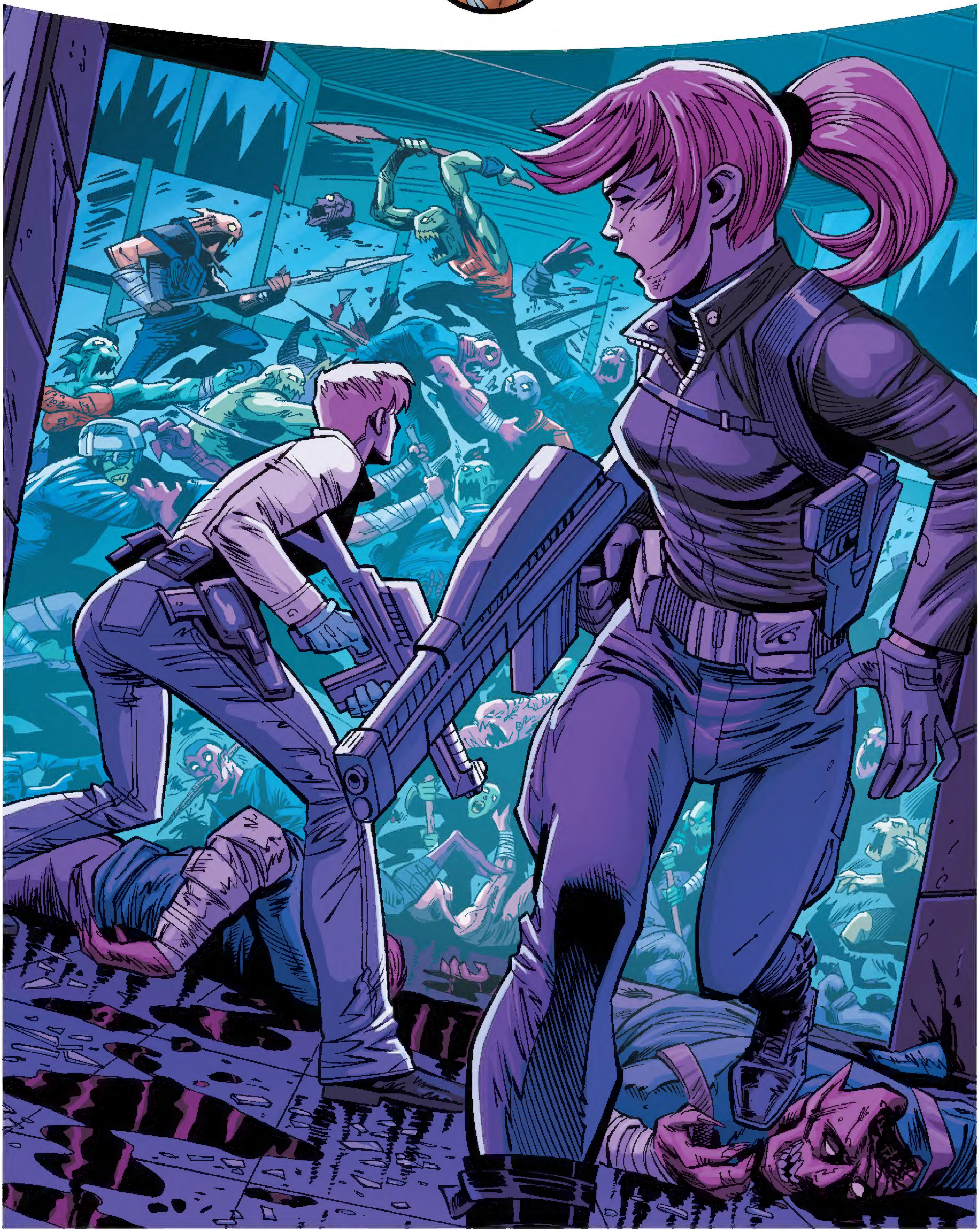
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE™

VOLUME 4

KEITH GIFFEN
J.M. DeMATTEIS
DALE EAGLESHAM
RON WAGNER
ANDY OWENS



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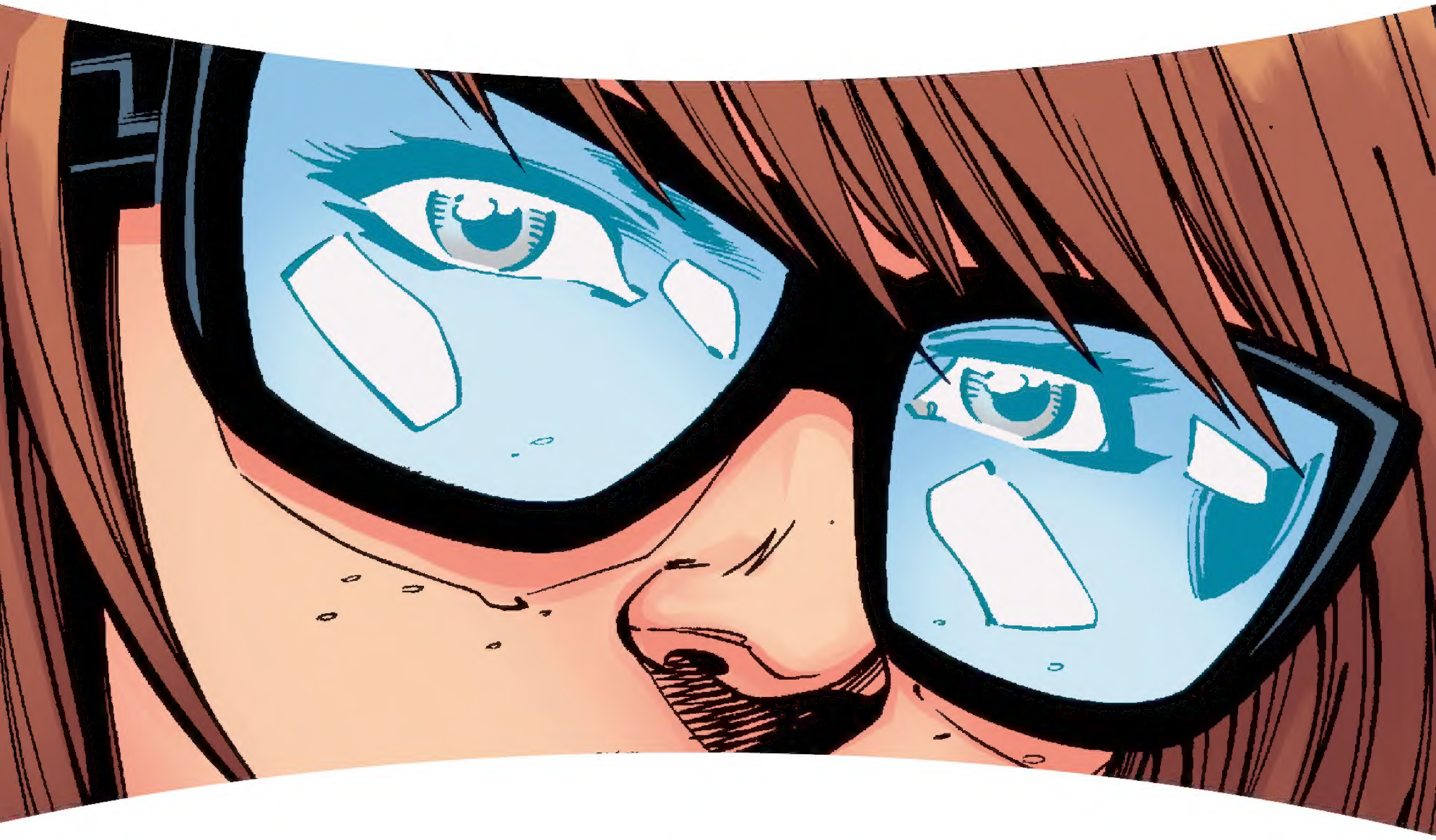

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SCOOBY APOCALYPSE
CHILD'S PLAY!
THE TOWN OF HALCYON, MONTANA...
...SO FEEL FREE TO WALK AROUND, TAKE IN THE SIGHTS, ENJOY YOURSELVES.
WE'VE GOT A LITTLE WELCOMING PARTY IN THE HIGH SCHOOL GYM AT EIGHT. GIVE YOU A CHANCE T'MEET THE LOCALS AND--
I'M, LIKE, A LITTLE CONFUSED, SHERIFF. FIRST YOU BRING US IN AT GUNPOINT, THEN YOU QUESTION US FOR HOURS--
--AND NOW YOU'RE TREATIN' US LIKE FAMILY?
I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG-- HALCYON IS A LITTLE PIECE O' PARADISE AN' EVERYONE WE'VE MET HAS BEEN INCREDIBLY NICE TO US, BUT--
"BUT"?
GUESS WE'VE BEEN LIVING WITH NIGHTMARES FOR SO LONG THAT IT'S KINDA HARD T'LET OUR GUARDS DOWN AND JUST... TRUST.
MAYBE THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT WE *NEED* TO DO, *SHAGGY.*
Another 17 pages of horror, humor and hijinks, courtesy of those lovable scalawags:
KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DeMATTEIS & DALE EAGLESHAM
HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters CARLOS D'ANDA: cover
DIEGO LOPEZ: assistant editor
MARIE JAVINS: group editorand welcome editor HARVEY RICHARDS*
*WHO'S WORKED WITH GIFFEN AND DeMATTEIS BEFORE AND SHOULD *REALLY* KNOW BETTER!

YOU ARE ONE SMART LADY, *MRS. DINKLEY.*
CALL ME *DAISY.*
WELL, AS MY MOTHER USED T'SAY, DAISY: "A LITTLE TRUST GOES A LONG WAY IN THIS WORLD."
SEE YOU FOLKS TONIGHT AT THE SHINDIG! AND BRING YOUR DANCING SHOES!
SURE THING, SHERIFF!
"SURE THING, SHERIFF"? SO WE'RE JUST GOING TO ACCEPT THIS?
KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY? YOU BET WE'RE GOING TO ACCEPT IT!
WE'VE BEEN ON THE ROAD, ON THE RUN, FOR MONTHS NOW, *DAPHNE.* BUT WE CAN FINALLY RELAX HERE IN HALCYON. TAKE A BREATH AND--
AND WAIT FOR THE OTHER SHOE TO DROP.
LOOK, I KNOW WE'RE EXPECTIN' MONSTERS T'POP OUTTA THE SHADOWS. AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, WE'VE GOT *GOOD REASON* TO EXPECT THAT.
BUT WHAT IF HALCYON IS EXACTLY WHAT IT APPEARS T'BE? A SWEET LITTLE TOWN THAT--
THAT SOMEHOW SURVIVED THE *NANITE PLAGUE?* WHAT ARE THE ODDS OF THAT?
WHY MUST WE CHOOSE ONE PATH OVER THE OTHER? CAN'T WE TAKE THAT DEEP BREATH *FRED* WAS TALKING ABOUT--
--WHILE REMAINING OBSERVANT? ALERT FOR ANY POSSIBLE DANGER?
WELL, IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR WEIRD THINGS--
--HOW ABOUT THE FACT THAT WE'RE IN MONTANA IN NOVEMBER--
--AND IT'S SO *WARM?*
WELL, THAT PROVES IT, THEN!
PROVES WHAT?
THAT THERE'S SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE!
THE ENTIRE *PLANET'S* GONE STRANGE SINCE THE NANITES WERE RELEASED.
IT'S VERY POSSIBLE THAT THEY'VE SOMEHOW ALTERED WEATHER PATTERNS ALREADY IMPACTED BY GLOBAL WARMING.
OR IT MEANS THE PEOPLE OF THIS TOWN ARE--
ARE WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW--
--BUT I'M DAMN WELL GOING TO FIND OUT!

HEALTHY SKEPTICISM IS ONE THING, DAPH, BUT YOU'RE SLIPPING INTO FULL-BLOWN PARANOIA.
WITH GOOD REASON!
VELMA, CAN YOU PLEASE TALK SOME SENSE INTO HER?
I THINK, GIVEN THE PERILS WE'VE ALREADY FACED, HAVING ONE OF US IN A NEAR-PSYCHOTIC STATE OF PARANOIA IS ACTUALLY AN ADVANTAGE.
SEE? VELMA AGREES WITH ME AND--
WAIT A MINUTE! WHO ARE YOU CALLING PSYCHOTIC?!
BORDERLINE PSYCHOTIC. BUT KEEP THIS UP AND YOU JUST MIGHT MAKE IT OVER THE BORDER.
HUH?
YOU WAVIN' AT *ME?*
SOMETHING WRONG WITH SAYING HELLO?
WHAT? NO. I JUST--
I GUESS YOU'RE THE FIRST KID I'VE SEEN IN A LONG TIME.
I'M *CARRIE.* WHAT'S *YOUR* NAME?
UH... CLIFFY.
DELIGHTED TO MEET YOU, CLIFFY.
YEAH...*UH...* ME, TOO. I GUESS.
WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU AFRAID OF GIRLS?
I WON'T BITE. PROMISE.
I'M NOT AFRAID OF GIRLS. I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING.
WHY, IF YOU'D SEEN SOME OF THE CRAZY STUFF *I'VE* SEEN THE PAST FEW MONTHS, YOU'D--
THOSE THINGS CAN'T HURT YOU HERE IN HALCYON.
NOW TELL ME ABOUT YOUR FAMILY. THEY LOOK LIKE NICE PEOPLE.
THEY'RE NOT MY FAMILY. WELL, MAYBE THEY ARE...NOW. Y'SEE, MY *REAL* FAMILY'S DEAD AND--
WELL, THEY *ARE* NICE. EXCEPT FOR THAT *RED-HAIRED* LADY.
SHE'S KINDA CRAZY.
I SAY WE GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE...*RIGHT NOW!*

THAT'S NOT IT. SHE'S JUST SCARED. AND TRYING TO COVER IT UP BY ACTING BRAVER THAN SHE ACTUALLY IS.
HOW D'YOU KNOW THAT?
SOMETIMES I JUST...KNOW THINGS. IN FACT, I--
OH NO! YOUR *ARM!* WHAT HAPPENED TO IT?
THE MONSTERS... THE ONES THAT GOT MY FAMILY... THEY--
DOESN'T MATTER.
I CAN FIX IT.
SEE...?
AAAAAGHHH--!
CLIFFY...?
WHAT'D YOU *DO?!*
I...I DON'T UNDERSTAND. WHY ARE YOU SO UPSET?

IT'S... IT'S NOT MY ARM.
IT'S NOT MY ARM!
OF COURSE IT'S NOT, SILLY. I COULDN'T REGROW THE OLD ONE, SO I MOLDED A NEW ONE--
--OUT OF YOUR *MEMORIES.*
GET *AWAY* FROM ME! JUST--
--GET AWAY!
IT'S OKAY, CLIFFY!
NO, IT'S NOT! LOOK AT WHAT SHE *DID* TO ME!

LOOK AT WHAT WHO DID TO YOU?
THE GIRL! SHE...SHE MADE MY ARM GROW BACK! BUT IT *WASN'T* MY ARM! IT WAS--
CLIFFY, LOOK--YOUR ARM IS THE SAME AS IT'S ALWAYS BEEN.
NO! I SAW IT! I FELT IT!
THE BOY IS CLEARLY IN SHOCK.
JUDGIN' BY THE LOOKS OF THE CROWD THAT'S GATHERIN'--
--I THINK WE'RE *ALL* IN FOR A SHOCK.
A GIRL WHO CAN REGROW AN ARM--AND THEN MAKE IT *DISAPPEAR* AGAIN?
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING SPOOKY GOING ON AROUND HERE--AND I WAS RIGHT!
FIRST OF ALL, THE KID PROBABLY IMAGINED IT. SECOND OF ALL--
--DO YOU REALLY THINK THIS IS THE TIME FOR GLOATING?
IT'S *ALWAYS* A GOOD TIME FOR GLOATING!
GET YOUR THINGS TOGETHER, FOLKS--
--AND *GET OUT OF HALCYON.*
GET OUT? I DON'T UNDERSTAND.
I'M GONNA MAKE THIS REALLY CLEAR--
--IF YOU DON'T LEAVE MY TOWN IN THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES--
--ME AND THE BOYS ARE GONNA SHOOT YOU WHERE YOU STAND.
BUT, LIKE, I WANTED T'GO TO THE SHINDIG!
WELL THAT'S JUST A DAMN SHAME--

"--ISN'T IT?"
...SO WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF *THAT?* TOSSED OUT--WITH NO EXPLANATION!
I THINK IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH WHAT CLIFFY SAW.
HE DIDN'T SEE ANYTHING, DAPHNE. THE POOR KID'S BEEN UNDER SO MUCH PRESSURE--
--WATCHING HIS FAMILY MURDERED... BEING HUNTED BY MONSTERS... SCRAPPY-DOO'S DEATH--
--IT'S NOT SURPRISING THAT HE WOULD SNAP.
FRED'S GOT A POINT. IT'S BEEN HARD ENOUGH FOR US, BUT A CHILD? THERE'S JUST SO MUCH A YOUNG MIND CAN BEAR.
MAYBE SO. BUT THAT STILL DOESN'T EXPLAIN WHY WE GOT THE BOOT.
ONE MINUTE THEY'RE SO HAPPY T'SEE US AN' THE NEXT--
THE CROWD. DID YOU SEE THEIR FACES?
THEY WERE ANGRY. SEETHING.
IT WAS MORE THAN THAT: THEY LOOKED ALMOST... WOUNDED--
--AS IF WE'D DONE SOMETHING TO DEEPLY OFFEND THEM.
WE OFFENDED *THEM?*
WHOLE THING'S A MYSTERY, ALL RIGHT.
THEN I SAY WE GO BACK THERE AND--
NO.
FINE. I'LL GO MYSELF.
NO! IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, DAPH, THIS ISN'T OUR OLD TV SHOW. THIS IS REAL. THIS IS DANGEROUS. AND SOME MYSTERIES--
--ARE BETTER LEFT UNSOLVED.
WHADDA *YOU* SAY, DAISY?
I THINK FRED'S RIGHT. THERE'LL BE ENOUGH DANGERS UP AHEAD. WHY GO BACK AND INVITE MORE?
IT'S ODD, THOUGH.
WHAT IS?
AS WE WERE LEAVING, I LOOKED BACK AT THE CROWD--AND IT SEEMED AS IF THEY WERE SORRY TO SEE US GO. ALMOST... REGRETFUL.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE.
TRUE.

BUT WHAT *DOES* THESE DAYS?
...THE *MYSTERY MACHINE!*
NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SO HAPPY T'SEE THIS CRAZY JALOPY!
EVERYBODY PILE IN AND LET'S HIT THE ROAD BEFORE--
WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR CLIFFY.
WAIT FOR HIM? WHERE'D HE GO?
BUT THERE'S A BATHROOM INSIDE.
JUST INTO THE WOODS TO... *UM*...RELIEVE HIMSELF.
AFTER ALL THAT TIME RUNNING WITH SCRAPPY'S PACK, I SUSPECT HE'S MORE COMFORTABLE IN THE WOODS THAN HE IS IN THE VAN.
BUT...BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S *LOOSE* IN THOSE WOODS! HE--
HE DIDN'T GO FAR. JUST THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TREES.
YEAH, WELL, IF HE'S NOT BACK SOON, I'M GOIN' AFTER HIM. I MEAN, WHAT IF HE WANDERS OFF OR--
YOU REALLY CARE ABOUT CLIFFY, DON'T YOU?
SURE. DON'T YOU?
I DO. AND I *TRUST* HIM, TOO. HE'S A SMART KID, SHAGGY--
"--AND HE'S NOT GOING TO DO ANYTHING STUPID."

INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS
INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS
IT WAS MY BROTHER **STEVIE'S** FAVORITE MOVIE.
HE'D WATCH IT OVER AND OVER AND OVER.
ALWAYS SCARED THE HECK OUT OF ME-- BUT I'D PRETEND T'LIKE IT JUST SO I COULD STAY WITH HIM.
MY DAD... HE DIED WHEN I WAS LITTLE. MY MOM WAS ALWAYS WORKING. TWO JOBS. SOMETIMES THREE.
AND I REALLY HATED BEING ALONE.
SORRY ABOUT BEFORE. THE ARM THING. I WAS JUST TRYING TO HELP.
YEAH, I THINK I KNOW THAT NOW. BUT YOU REALLY FRIGHTENED ME, CARRIE.

AND YOU REALLY MADE ME MAD--
--YELLING AT ME LIKE THAT. TELLING ME TO GET AWAY.
THAT'S WHY I CHASED YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS OUT OF TOWN.
D-DON'T HURT ME!
HURT YOU? WHY WOULD I DO THAT? YOU'RE THE FIRST REAL FRIEND I'VE HAD--
--IN A LONG TIME.
I THOUGHT ALL THE OTHER PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WERE GONE.
ONLY VISITORS WE EVER HAVE AROUND HERE ARE MONSTERS.
AND NOT VERY NICE ONES EITHER.
BUT THE SHERIFF SAID THERE WEREN'T ANY MONSTERS HERE! HE--
OH, THEY COME. BUT ONCE I'M THROUGH WITH THEM--
--THEY DON'T STAY VERY LONG.
ANYWAY, I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK. WE DON'T NEED THOSE STUPID GROWN-UPS. NOT YOURS. NOT MINE.
THE TWO OF US...WE CAN HAVE SO MUCH FUN TOGETHER AND--
THE TOWN'S SO EMPTY. WHERE...WHERE IS EVERYBODY?
WHERE THEY'VE ALWAYS BEEN.

IN HERE.
WHADDAYOU MEAN?
I JUST THINK 'EM... AND THEY'RE HERE.
LIKE WHAT I DID WITH YOUR ARM.
BUT... HOW?
NOT SURE. A FEW MONTHS BACK, SOMETHING BAD HAPPENED. EVERYONE IN THE TOWN CHANGED. *I* CHANGED, TOO--
--BUT NOT LIKE THEM.
THEY WERE VICIOUS. NASTY. SO I MADE 'EM GO AWAY. BUT THEN I WAS THE ONLY ONE LEFT IN THE WHOLE TOWN--
--AND I WAS REALLY LONELY.
SO I MADE A *NEW* TOWN.
THE SHERIFF? THAT'S MY DADDY...OR WHAT I REMEMBER OF HIM.
SOME OF THE OTHERS ARE PEOPLE WHO LIVED HERE BEFORE. SOME OF 'EM ARE JUST NICE FACES I SAW ON TV OR IN MAGAZINES.
HAVING THEM AROUND MADE ME FEEL BETTER. BUT THE TRUTH IS--NO MATTER HOW MUCH I PRETENDED THEY WERE REAL--
--I KNEW THEY WEREN'T.
SO...SO THE NANITES DIDN'T TURN *YOU* INTO A MONSTER, BUT THEY GAVE YOU THE POWER TO...?
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? NONE OF THAT *MATTERS* NOW! ONCE YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS CAME TO HALCYON--EVERYTHING CHANGED!
YOU'RE HERE. I HAVE A REAL FRIEND. AND, CLIFFY, I CAN MAKE THIS TOWN INTO ANYTHING YOU WANT!
SAY YOU'LL STAY WITH ME AND--
BUT WHAT ABOUT DAISY AND THE OTHERS...?
WHAT *ABOUT* THEM?

I CAN'T JUST LEAVE THEM.
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE OF WHAT I SAID BEFORE: THEY'RE MY FAMILY.
I CAN MAKE YOU A BETTER FAMILY! HECK, I CAN BRING YOUR *OLD* FAMILY BACK!
NO! DON'T DO THAT!
WHY NOT?
'CAUSE IT'S WRONG.
WHY?
I DUNNO. IT JUST *IS.*
BUT I'VE GOT ANOTHER FRIEND...MY *BEST* FRIEND... *SCRAPPY-DOO.* HE'S A DOG--BUT NOT LIKE ANY DOG YOU'VE EVER SEEN.
VELMA SAYS HE'S DEAD, BUT I DON'T BELIEVE IT. WITH YOUR POWERS, MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME FIND HIM.
SURE. IF YOU STAY. AND BE *MY* BEST FRIEND.
HEY, I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING--
IF EVERYONE ELSE AROUND HERE'S SOME KIND OF ILLUSION--
--HOW DO I KNOW *YOU'RE* REAL?
I'M SORRY, CARRIE. I SHOULDN'T HAVE SAID THAT.
I KNOW YOU'RE REAL. I CAN FEEL IT.
PLEASE DON'T BE MAD AT ME.

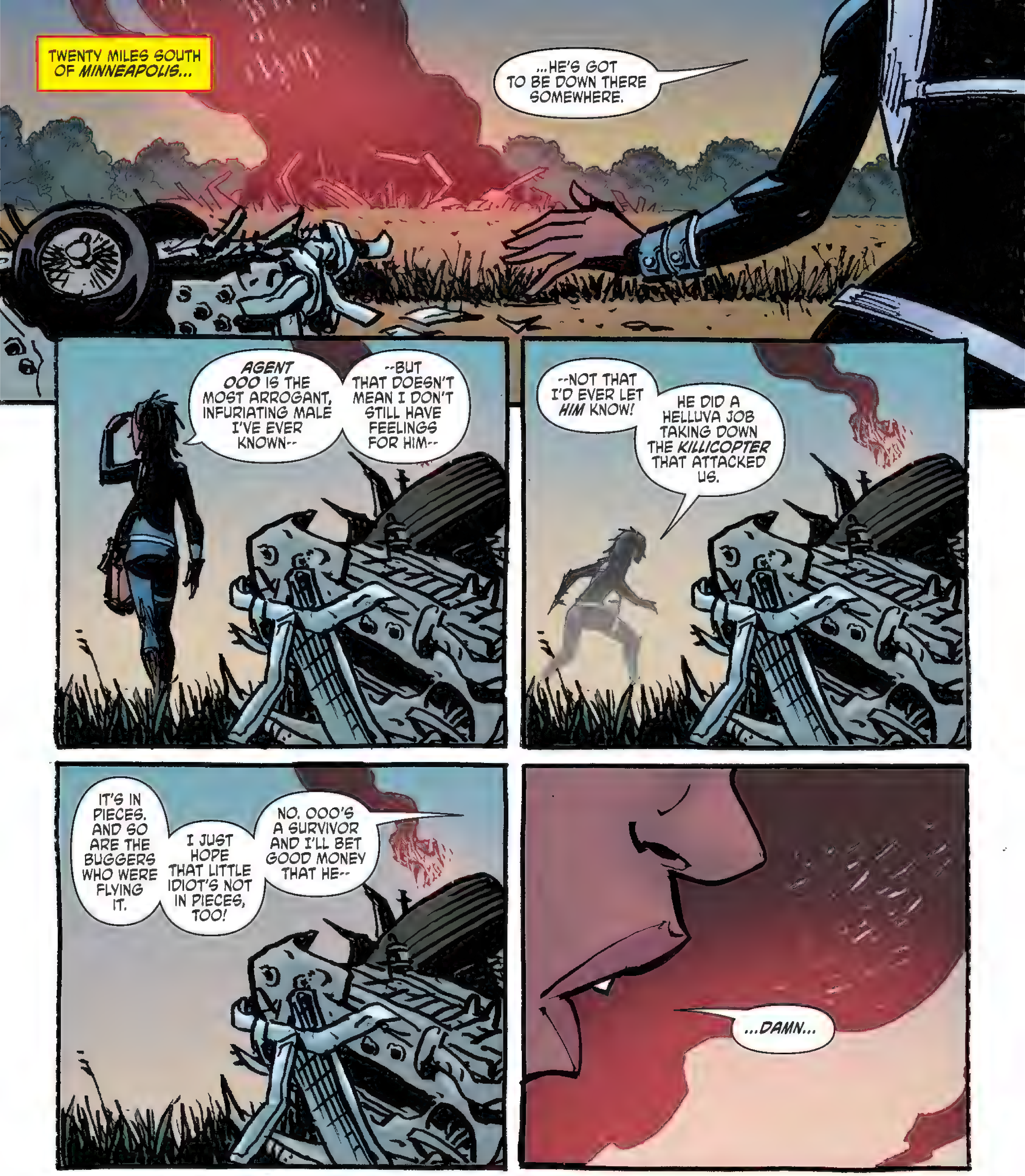
WHY DID YOU COME BACK HERE?
I DUNNO. MAYBE 'CAUSE I WAS CURIOUS. OR MAYBE 'CAUSE--
--I FELT BAD.
WHEN YOU... WHEN YOU RAN AWAY, I COULD SEE HOW SAD YOU WERE AND--
AND I WANTED T'MAKE THINGS RIGHT.
I LEARNED THAT FROM SCRAPPY. DON'T RUN AWAY FROM THINGS. YOU'VE GOTTA FACE THEM HEAD ON AND--
SCRAPPY, SCRAPPY, SCRAPPY. WHAT IS IT WITH YOU AND THAT DUMB DOG?
HE'S NOT DUMB! HE'S SMART! SMARTER THAN YOU!
AND HE WAS THE *BEST DOG EVER!*
OKAY, OKAY-- I'M SORRY I SAID ANYTHING!
IT'S JUST...WELL, I GUESS I'M JEALOUS. I'VE NEVER HAD A FRIEND LIKE SCRAPPY. AND I WAS HOPING THAT MAYBE *WE* COULD--
WELL, YEAH. SURE. YOU...YOU CAN COME WITH US AND--
IT'S BETTER IF YOU STAY HERE. I CAN KEEP YOU SAFE. MOST OF THOSE MONSTERS OUT THERE ARE BAD AND--
MOST OF THEM?
THEY'RE *ALL* BAD!
BUT I LEARNED A LOT FROM SCRAPPY ABOUT FIGHTING 'EM. AND I DON'T NEED YOU...I DON'T NEED ANYBODY... TO PROTECT ME!

YOU SOUND LIKE YOU HATE THEM.
OF COURSE I HATE THEM! THEY KILLED MY MOM AN' DAD AN' MY LITTLE SISTER!
THEY TURNED THE WHOLE WORLD INTO A NIGHTMARE!
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GOOD ONES?
DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I JUST SAID? THERE ARE NO GOOD ONES!
LOOK, JUST COME WITH ME. WITH YOUR POWERS, YOU CAN REALLY HELP US FIGHT THE MONSTERS, GET TO THE COMPLEX AND FIND A CURE FOR THE PLAGUE.
THERE'S A CURE?
NO ONE KNOWS FOR SURE, BUT VELMA'S HOPING THERE IS.
WELL, THERE'S NO CURE FOR ME.
WHAT'RE YOU TALKING ABOUT? YOU DON'T NEED A CURE! YOU'RE JUST A NORMAL KID--
--Y'KNOW, EXCEPT FOR THE CRAZY STUFF YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR MIND. AND THAT'S PRETTY COOL.
YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!
I TOLD YOU THAT I CHANGED ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE--
--BUT IT WASN'T JUST MY MIND.
WHADDAYOU MEAN?
YOU ASKED BEFORE IF I WAS AN ILLUSION. WELL, I AM--

--AND I'M *NOT.*
THIS IS THE REAL ME, CLIFFY. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
YOU'RE... YOU'RE ONE OF THEM!
WELL, GO AHEAD! RUN AWAY FROM THE TERRIBLE MONSTER! FIND YOUR FRIENDS AND HAVE THEM HUNT ME DOWN!
I...I'D NEVER DO THAT.
NO?
NO! MAYBE THE NANITES CHANGED WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOU'RE BAD. IT JUST MEANS--

--YOU'RE DIFFERENT.
AND IF I TAKE YOU TO THE OTHERS, I BET WE CAN--
CLIFFY!
BACK AWAY FROM THAT DEVIL!
DO IT, CLIFFY-- BEFORE THAT THING HURTS YOU!
BUT SHE'D *NEVER* HURT ME!
THE CREATURE MUST HAVE MESMERIZED HIM! HE DOESN'T REALIZE THE DANGER HE'S IN!
TELL THEM, CARRIE! TELL THEM THAT YOU'D NEVER--
NO. IT'S... IT'S BETTER THIS WAY.
DON'T *SAY* THAT!
I THINK I CAN GET A CLEAR SHOT!
MAYBE WE SHOULD WAIT. DOESN'T LOOK LIKE IT'S GONNA ATTACK.
WAIT FOR WHAT, SHAGGY? FOR THAT THING TO RIP THE BOY APART?
CLIFFY--*GET DOWN!*
NO! DON'T DO IT!
PKOW
SHE'S MY FRIEND!
G'BYE, CLIFFY. AND THANK YOU.
SHE'S MY--

CLIFFY!
OKAY-- EVERYONE INTO THE VAN!
THERE MIGHT BE MORE OF THOSE THINGS AROUND!
SH-SHE... SHE'S DEAD.
THAT'S RIGHT, SWEETHEART.
THE MONSTER'S DEAD.
SKRREEEE
"IT CAN'T HURT YOU NOW."


TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF *MINNEAPOLIS*...
...HE'S GOT TO BE DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE.
AGENT 000 IS THE MOST ARROGANT, INFURIATING MALE I'VE EVER KNOWN--
--BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I DON'T STILL HAVE FEELINGS FOR HIM--
--NOT THAT I'D EVER LET *HIM* KNOW!
HE DID A HELLUVA JOB TAKING DOWN THE *KILLICOPTER* THAT ATTACKED US.
IT'S IN PIECES. AND SO ARE THE BUGGERS WHO WERE FLYING IT.
I JUST HOPE THAT LITTLE IDIOT'S NOT IN PIECES, TOO!
NO. 000'S A SURVIVOR AND I'LL BET GOOD MONEY THAT HE--
...DAMN...

SECRET SQUIRREL!

in "BROKEN!"

Giffen & DeMatteis writers
Andy Kuhn artist
Hi-Fi colors
Travis Lanham letters
Diego Lopez asst. editor
Harvey Richards editor
Marie Javins trained assassin

SHORTLY...
...THANKS FOR THE LIFT, MATE!
GOOD RIDDANCE!
HMMM. SOUNDS MIFFED.
NOT *MY* FAULT I BROKE HIS NOSE. HE SHOULDN'T HAVE LOOKED AT ME THAT WAY.
MEN! ONLY ONE THING ON THEIR BLOODY MINDS!
WILL YOU LOOK AT THIS PLACE? NOWHERE, USA.
I SHOULD NEVER HAVE TAKEN THIS ASSIGNMENT. SHOULD'VE STAYED BACK AT *MI6 HQ* IN *LONDON*--
--OR, BETTER YET, GONE HOME TO *MONACO*.
*AH...*NO USE BITCHING AND MOANING. THERE'S A JOB TO BE DONE--
--SO LET'S DO IT.
YEAH, *THIS* PLACE SHOULD FIT THE BILL.
VETERINARIAN
...CAN I HELP YOU?
NO.
WAIT! YOU CAN'T GO IN THERE!
WATCH ME.
SORRY FOR BARGING IN, DOC.
WELL, ACTUALLY, I'M *NOT*.
BUT I'VE GOT A SITUATION THAT NEEDS IMMEDIATE ATTENTION AND--
AND I'LL BE HAPPY TO HELP ONCE YOU WAIT YOUR TURN. THERE ARE SEVERAL PEOPLE AHEAD OF YOU TODAY AND--
SORRY. CAN'T WAIT.
THERE *ARE* PROTOCOLS, MY DEAR. YOU CAN'T JUST COME BARGING IN HERE DEMANDING TO BE SEEN.
AND I THINK YOU'LL FORGO THE PROTOCOLS--

--WHEN YOU SEE THIS.
OH MY. WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LITTLE MAN?
DOESN'T MATTER WHAT HAPPENED. *FIX* HIM.
GIVEN THE NATURE OF HIS INJURIES, I DON'T THINK I'M EQUIPPED. A HOSPITAL WOULD BE A FAR BETTER PL--
HE'S MY BLOODY FRIEND.
MORE OR LESS.
AND YOU'RE GONNA FIX HIM--
--OR PAY THE PRICE.
TH-THERE'S NO NEED TO THREATEN ME.
OF COURSE THERE IS. PEOPLE DON'T LISTEN UNLESS YOU THREATEN THEM.
SO TRY THIS: I'M *AGENT HONEY BEA,* ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT WITH THE *I.S.S.*
AND IF YOU DON'T GET TO WORK ON MY PARTNER... *IMMEDIATELY*...YOU'LL BE SPENDING THE REST OF YOUR LIFE LOCKED AWAY IN ONE OF OUR SECRET PRISONS--
--EATING STALE BREAD AND DRINKING YOUR OWN URINE!
ISS
UOB
OFFICIAL AGENT
HONEY BEA
OH, WELL, WHEN YOU PUT IT *THAT* WAY--!
GOT A REPORT ABOUT SOME CRAZY WOMAN HARASSING YOU, *DR. HANNA.*
THIS HER...?
I-IT'S ALL RIGHT, *BILL.* SHE'S NOT CRAZY, SHE'S JUST--
WELL, MAYBE SHE *IS* CRAZY. BUT THIS LITTLE MAN NEEDS MY HELP.
GOOD. YOU GET TO WORK. I'LL WAIT OUTSIDE.

"I'VE GOT TO MAKE A CALL."
I.S.S. HEADQUARTERS. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA.
...WELL, I'M GLAD HE'S STILL IN ONE PIECE, AGENT BEA. BUT ONE THING I DON'T UNDERSTAND--
ISS
--IS WHY IN THE WORLD YOU TOOK HIM TO A *VETERINARIAN'S OFFICE.* WHY NOT A HOSPITAL? YOU--
OH, I SEE. LOW PROFILE. KEEP ANY OTHER ENEMY AGENTS OFF YOUR TRAIL. GOOD THINKING.
WELL, CONSIDERING OOO'S CONDITION, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED SOMEONE ELSE ON THE TEAM.
I'M PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF DOING THIS ALONE, *DOUBLE-Q.* IN FACT I PREFER WORKING ALONE TO--
WHAT? YOU WANT TO SEND WHO?
THAT BRAINLESS TWIT? ARE YOU SERIOUS?
YES, I KNOW HE AND OOO HAVE HISTORY, BUT--
OF COURSE I UNDERSTAND THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS ASSIGNMENT!
SEND ME BACK TO LONDON? YOU WOULDN'T!
I WOULD. BUT I'D PREFER NOT TO.
WHICH IS WHY I NEED YOU TO ACCEPT THE FACT THAT THIS "BRAIN-DRAIN" CRISIS IS FAR BIGGER THAN YOUR PERSONAL FEELINGS.
NOW SIT TIGHT. YOU'LL HAVE NEW TRANSPORT IN THE NEXT DAY. AND THEN I'LL WANT YOU IN NEW YORK.
HE'LL BE EXPECTING YOU.
WHAK! WHAK! WHAK! WHAK!

NEW YORK CITY.
...THERE'S A PHONE CALL FOR YOU, *MOROCCO.*
I'M NOT IN THE MOOD TO TALK TO ANYONE, *LOUELLA.*
THE CALL CAME IN ON *CHANNEL D.*
CHANNEL D?
WHAT IN THE WORLD DOES *HE* WANT?
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
SIGH I SUPPOSE SO.
BUT, IN TWO MINUTES, I WANT YOU TO TELL ME...RATHER LOUDLY...THAT I'M LATE FOR AN APPOINTMENT.
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE ANY APPOINTMENTS TODAY.
WE KNOW THAT--BUT *HE* DOESN'T.
HELLO? DOUBLE-Q?
WHAT A PLEASURE TO HEAR YOUR VOICE!
HOW'S THE LOVELY WIFE...AND ALL THE LITTLE QS?
REALLY? OH DEAR. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY TO HEAR THAT.
WHAT? NO, I'M AFRAID THAT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE. I AM, AS YOU KNOW, RETIRED FROM THE SERVICE.
LOYALTY? I THINK I'VE PROVED MY LOYALTY A HUNDRED TIMES OVER AND--
OH, MOROCCO! DON'T FORGET THAT *URGENT APPOINTMENT* YOU HAVE!
SORRY, SIR--
--BUT I REALLY HAVE TO GO!
WELL DONE, LOUELLA. NOW WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING ME ANOTHER PIÑA COLADA? AND, FOR THE REST OF THE DAY, NO MATTER WHO CALLS--
--TELL THEM I'M OUT.

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

A Scooby-Doo Christmas

TWENTY-FIVE MILES OUTSIDE *SPRING GREEN, WISCONSIN...*
...ON A GREY DECEMBER AFTERNOON.
YOU, LIKE, SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE, *VELMA?*
HELFER, INC. PAPER MILL NO TRESPASSING

A holiday tale unlike any other, brought to you by those yuletide yucksters...*
KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DeMATTEIS & RON WAGNER

ANDY OWENS: *inks*
HI-FI: *colors*
TRAVIS LANHAM: *letters*
DIEGO LOPEZ: *assistant editor*
HARVEY RICHARDS: *editor**
MARIE JAVINS: *santa's helper*

*How's that for a nebulous statement?

OF COURSE IT'S THE RIGHT PLACE.
BUT THE SIGN OUTSIDE SAYS IT'S A PAPER MILL.
WHAT DO YOU WANT IT TO SAY, SHAGGY?
"TOP SECRET INSTALLATION"?
HEY, IT'S NOT LIKE WE HAVEN'T SCREWED UP BEFORE.
BELIEVE ME, THIS IS THE ATHENA CENTER--
--WHERE THE COMPLEX KEPT THEIR CLOUD SERVERS AND BACKED UP ALL THEIR DATA.
CHEEVES GAVE ME A TOUR OF THE FACILITY SHORTLY AFTER I AGREED TO JOIN MY BROTHERS IN THEIR QUEST TO IMPROVE HUMANITY.
Y'MEAN THEIR QUEST TO SUBJUGATE HUMANITY. MAN, THE FOUR REALLY PULLED THE WOOL OVER YOUR--
WAIT. DID YOU JUST SAY YOUR BROTHER'S NAME WAS CHEEVES?
YES. WHY?
=SNICKER= YOU'VE GOT ONE BROTHER NAMED RUFUS, ANOTHER NAMED CHEEVES. WHAT WERE YOUR PARENTS SMOKIN'?
I WOULDN'T CAST ASPERSIONS... NORVILLE.
POINT TAKEN.
I WOULD THINK SO.
HEY--IF WE SURVIVED THE NANITE PLAGUE 'CAUSE WE WERE SAFE INSIDE THE NEVADA COMPLEX--
--Y'THINK THERE ARE SURVIVORS HOLED UP IN THERE?
YOU SOUND AWFULLY CALM ABOUT THIS, DOC.
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.

AFTER THE HORRORS WE'VE ENDURED THESE PAST MONTHS, I THINK MY SOUL IS GROWING NUMB.
BEEPEEP EEPEEP
PLEASE NOTE THAT I DON'T USE THE WORD "SOUL" LITERALLY--AS I DON'T BELIEVE IN A DIVINE CREATOR OR THE EXISTENCE OF AN IMMORTAL SPIRIT.
YEAH. THANKS FOR CLEARIN' THAT UP.
BUT, *UH,* IF THERE *ARE* SURVIVORS IN THERE--
IT WAS JUST A SKELETON CREW OF TECHNICIANS TO OVERSEE THE COMPUTERS--
--BUT, IF THEY'RE STILL THERE, THEY MAY BE ABLE TO HELP US IN OUR QUEST TO UNDERSTAND HOW THE NANITES--WHICH WERE DESIGNED TO MOLLIFY HUMANKIND--
--SOMEHOW TRANSMOGRIFIED THE POPULACE INTO *MONSTERS.*
AND IF THEY *DIDN'T* SURVIVE--AND THAT PLACE IS CRAWLIN' WITH BLOODTHIRSTY BEASTIES...?
WE'LL BOTH SHRIEK LIKE TERRIFIED CHILDREN AND HOPE THE OTHERS COME RUNNING TO OUR AID.
GOOD PLAN!
ENTER
BOOP
EXCELLENT. THE SYSTEM RECOGNIZED MY FINGERPRINTS AND ACCEPTED MY SECURITY CODE.
WE'RE IN.
OKAY THEN, LET'S GO. AND DON'T WORRY, DOC--
--I'M ARMED...AND I'VE GOT YOUR BACK.
I DON'T DOUBT THAT, SHAGGY. YOU'VE PROVED YOUR BRAVERY TIME AND AGAIN.
THAT SAID, I ALSO KNOW THAT YOU FIND VIOLENCE ABHORRENT--WHICH MAKES YOU A RELUCTANT WARRIOR, AT BEST.
DAPHNE, ON THE OTHER HAND--
THEN WHY'D YOU BRING ME INSTEAD OF HER?
FOR THAT VERY REASON. DAPHNE WILL OPEN FIRE IF SOMEONE SO MUCH AS SNEEZES IN HER DIRECTION.
WE ENCOUNTER A STRAY CAT AND SHE MIGHT SHOOT UP THE ENTIRE INSTALLATION, DESTROYING INVALUABLE DATA.
ALL RIGHT, THEN--

"--INTO THE BELLY OF THE BEAST!"
CLIFFY...?
WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE? IT'S FREEZING.
I'M...I'M NOT DOING ANYTHING, *DAISY.* JUST--
ROOKING FOR *RAPPY?*
YEAH.
I KNOW IT'S DUMB, BUT I KEEP EXPECTING HIM T'FIND US.
Y'KNOW, IF HE'S NOT DEAD.
THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THAT SCRAPPY-DOO *DID* DIE BACK IN WASHINGTON, CLIFFY. BUT IF HE DID, I HOPE YOU CAN TAKE SOME COMFORT IN KNOWING--
--THAT HE DIED SAVING OUR FRIENDS.
BUT NO ONE ACTUALLY *SAW* HIM DIE, RIGHT? AND SCRAPPY'S A FIGHTER. IF ANYONE COULD'VE SURVIVED THAT FIGHT, IT WAS HIM.
I HOPE THAT'S TRUE. BUT, EVEN IF IT IS, HE COULD BE ANYWHERE. YOU HAVE TO ACCEPT THE FACT--
--THAT YOU MAY NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.
Y'THINK THAT'S TRUE, SCOOB? Y'THINK WE'LL NEVER SEE SCRAPPY AGAIN?
RUH-UH.
RAPPY'LL BE BACK.
HOW CAN YOU KNOW THAT?

ROTTA HAVE *FAITH.*
DID YOU HEAR THAT, DAPH? THE TALKING DOG JUST TOLD THE ONE-ARMED KID HE NEEDS TO HAVE FAITH.
SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE WE'RE STUCK INSIDE A *LEWIS CARROLL* STORY. NO LOGIC, NO MEANING, NO--
ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
NO.
I STILL DON'T SEE WHY I COULDN'T HAVE GONE WITH THEM. MY LEG'S ALL HEALED AND--
NOT. LISTENING.
WHAT ARE YOU SO ENGROSSED IN BACK THERE, ANYWAY? VELMA'S BEEN THROUGH THOSE *PROJECT ELYSIUM* FILES A DOZEN TIMES. THEY'RE INCOMPLETE.
THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE AT ATHENA. TO FILL IN THE GAPS. FIND SOME ANSWERS.
WHO SAYS I'M LOOKING AT THOSE FILES?
THEN WHAT *ARE* YOU DOING?
SURFING WHAT'S LEFT OF THE WEB.
STRANGE HOW MANY SITES ARE STILL UP AND RUNNING. THE PEOPLE ARE ALL GONE, BUT THE ALGORITHMS LIVE ON.
JUST CHECKED THE DATE, TOO. WANNA HEAR SOMETHING FUNNY?
WHAT?
IT'S *CHRISTMAS EVE.*
NO KIDDING? I LOVE CHRISTMAS!
DON'T I KNOW IT? HOW MANY CHRISTMAS EVES DID YOU MAKE ME WATCH A DOZEN VERSIONS OF *A CHRISTMAS CAROL*--ONE AFTER THE OTHER?
I STILL LIKE *ALASTAIR SIM* THE BEST.
I ALWAYS PREFERRED *MR. MAGOO.*

ME, I PREFER THE 1938 VERSION WITH *REGINALD OWEN.*
WHAT ARE YOU DOING BACK HERE?
WELL, WE GOT INSIDE THE FACILITY AND STARTED LOOKIN' AROUND AN'--
YOU GOT SCARED--
--AND REALIZED THAT, MAYBE, YOU'D BE SAFER IF *I* WAS WITH YOU?
HEY--IT'S *REALLY DARK* IN THERE!
BEFORE YOU TWO LEFT, VELMA TOLD ME I WAS--AND I QUOTE--"TOO VIOLENT AND RECKLESS" TO COME ALONG.
WELL, JUST DON'T SHOOT ANY COMPUTERS AND WE SHOULD BE OKAY.
SIGH I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERYONE THINKS I'M SOME KIND OF HOMICIDAL MANIAC.
MANIAC? NAH. HOMICIDAL? MAYBE.
NOW JUST HANG ON A SEC WHILE I GRAB MY RIFLE AND--
YOU'RE STAYING HERE.
WHAT?
WE'RE NOT LEAVING DAISY AND CLIFFY ALONE. FOR ALL WE KNOW THIS AREA COULD BE CRAWLING WITH MONSTERS.
SCOOBY'S HERE. AND, BESIDES, THE LAST MONSTER DAISY ENCOUNTERED ENDED UP WITH ITS HEAD BASHED IN.
THAT WOMAN CAN TAKE CARE OF HERSELF.
STAY.
I'M NOT YOUR LAPDOG, BLAKE!
BE A GOOD BOY, FREDSTER, AND WE'LL BRING YOU BACK A TREAT!
THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
I THOUGHT IT WAS.
...YOU'VE GOTTA STOP DOING THAT, Y'KNOW.
DOING WHAT?
PROTECTING FRED.
I'M NOT PROTECTING HIM! I'M--
OKAY, MAYBE I AM.

I GUESS I FEEL RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM.
FREDDY'S A BIG BOY. HE CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF.
PLEASE. I'VE BEEN TAKING CARE OF HIM SINCE COLLEGE.
AN' HE'S BEEN TAKIN' CARE OF *YOU,* RIGHT? THAT'S MY POINT. YOU TWO ARE BEST BUDS. YOU LOVE EACH OTHER.
AN' YOU'RE TERRIFIED OF LOSIN' HIM.
I GUESS I AM.
BUT HOVERIN' OVER FREDDY LIKE SOME MOTHER HEN ISN'T GONNA HELP. WE'RE *ALL* LIVIN' IN A NIGHTMARE--
--AN' OUR ONLY HOPE IS FINDIN' A WAY T'REVERSE THIS MONSTER PLAGUE.
AND OUR ONLY HOPE OF DOIN' *THAT*-- IS VELMA. SPEAKIN' OF WHICH--
--WHERE'D SHE GO? I TOLD HER TO WAIT HERE FOR ME.
FOR SOMEONE SO BRILLIANT, SHE CAN SOMETIMES BE A COMPLETE IDIOT!
I SWEAR TO *GOD--* IF SHE GOT HERSELF KILLED I'LL MURDER HER!
HOW WOULD THAT WORK EXACTLY...?
BELIEVE ME, I'D FIND A WAY!
BUT I'M BETTING SHE WENT IN SEARCH OF ATHENA'S MAIN COMPUTERS. SHE'S PROBABLY--
UH- OH.
JUDGING BY THE STENCH--IT'S BEEN DEAD A WHILE. THAT'S GOOD NEWS.
SAYS SOMETHIN' ABOUT THE STATE OF THE WORLD WHEN *THAT'S* THE *GOOD* NEWS.
BUT...*UH*...JUST 'CAUSE THAT ONE'S DEAD DOESN'T MEAN THERE AREN'T OTHER BEASTIES AROUND.
WE'LL CROSS THAT BRIDGE WHEN WE GET TO IT.
IS THAT SUPPOSED T'REASSURE ME?
NO.
GOOD. 'CAUSE IT DIDN'T.

...LOOKS LIKE WE'VE FOUND THE MAIN DATA CENTER.
HOW DOES THAT HELP US?
US? NOT AT ALL. BUT VELMA KNOWS THESE MACHINES. KNOWS HOW TO ROOT AROUND IN THOSE DIGITAL BRAINS AND FIND THE INFORMATION SHE NEEDS--
--TO GET THE WORLD OUT OF THIS MESS.
YOU'VE REALLY COME T'RESPECT HER, HAVEN'T YOU? NOT ONLY THAT--YOU CARE ABOUT HER.
MAYBE.
WHY'S THAT SO HARD TO ADMIT?
BECAUSE IT WAS SO MUCH FUN HATING HER.
Y'KNOW, FRED'S RIGHT ABOUT YOU.
EXCUSE ME?
YOU PUT UP THIS REAL TOUGH FRONT, BUT UNDERNEATH--
--IS A WOMAN FULLY CAPABLE OF PULLING OUT YOUR BEARD...HAIR BY AGONIZING HAIR.
YEAH--I LOVE YOU, TOO, DAPH.
QUIET!
WHY ARE YOU SO AFRAID OF EXPRESSIN' YOUR FEELINGS? I--
IT'S NOT THAT, YOU IDIOT!
LISTEN!
TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK
TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK
TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK
TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK
TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK

TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK TIKKA-TIKKA-
SWAK
DAPHNE! YOU...YOU FRIGHTENED ME! I THOUGHT THAT--
I FRIGHTENED *YOU?*
SHAGGY TELLS YOU TO WAIT AT THE ENTRANCE, YOU GO TRAIPSING OFF ON YOUR OWN INTO A COMPLEX THAT COULD BE WALL-TO-WALL MONSTROSITIES--
--AND YOU HAVE THE AUDACITY TO SAY THAT *I* FRIGHTENED *YOU?!*
PERHAPS MY CURIOSITY GOT THE BETTER OF ME.
PERHAPS?
I WAS ANXIOUS TO BEGIN SORTING THROUGH ATHENA'S FILES, AND YOU'RE RIGHT: I SHOULD HAVE WAITED.
I...I'M SORRY.
YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE, YOU KNOW THAT?
WHAT DID I DO NOW?
TELLING ME I'M RIGHT? APOLOGIZING?
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO STAY *MAD* AT YOU?
I DON'T THINK YOU ARE.

HMPH WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?
ONE DAY, DAPHNE BLAKE, I'D LIKE TO RUN A THOROUGH PSYCHOLOGICAL EVALUATION ON YOU--
--BUT RIGHT NOW--
--I'D NEED TO GET BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND.
YOU'D BETTER BE QUICK. WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF THIS PLACE.
YES WE DO. I CHECKED THE LOGS AND THE SECURITY SYSTEM. THERE WERE ONLY FOUR STAFF MEMBERS OVERSEEING ATHENA.
THE COMPLEX WAS SEALED UP TIGHT. NOT TIGHT ENOUGH TO KEEP OUT THE NANITES--
--BUT NO ONE GOT IN OR OUT AFTER THE PLAGUE HIT--
--AS EVIDENCED BY THE THREE EVISCERATED CREATURES IN THE NEXT ROOM.
BUT THE ONE IN THE HALL--
MUST HAVE BEEN THE ALPHA OF THE GROUP. MURDERED THE OTHERS THEN EVENTUALLY DIED OF STARVATION.
OR PERHAPS SOME OTHER CAUSE.
"OTHER CAUSE"? Y'MEAN THERE COULD BE A *DISEASE* OR--
I'VE RUN BIO-SCANS. THERE'S NOTHING IN THE COMPLEX THAT CAN HARM US.
I'M SURE THE FOUR PEOPLE WHO DIED HERE THOUGHT THE SAME THING.
I DON'T MEAN TO SOUND INSENSITIVE, SHAGGY, BUT WHAT'S DONE IS DONE. AND IF WE WANT TO PREVENT FURTHER DEATHS--
--I NEED TO BE LEFT ALONE TO CONCENTRATE ON MY WORK.
NOW YOU TWO GO OFF AND FIND SOME WAY TO AMUSE YOURSELVES.
THIS COULD TAKE AWHILE.
TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK TIKKA-TIKKA-TAK
I THINK I LIKED HER BETTER WHEN I HATED HER.
THAT DOESN'T MAKE ANY SENSE--

"--BUT I, LIKE, *TOTALLY* GET WHAT YOU MEAN."
...*YO-HO-HO!*
WHY ARE YOU TALKING LIKE A PIRATE?
I'M NOT. I'M TALKING LIKE *SANTA CLAUS.* YO-HO-HO!
PIRATES SAY *"YO-HO-HO."* SANTA SAYS *"HO-HO-HO."*
YOU'RE JUST BUSTING MY CHOPS, AREN'T YOU?
A LITTLE.
WHAT'VE YOU GOT THERE?
CHRISTMAS TREE. THOUGHT IT'D CHEER CLIFFY UP.
LOOKS MORE LIKE A CHRISTMAS *SHRUB.*
BUT I THINK HE'LL APPRECIATE THE GESTURE.
YOU'RE A SWEET MAN, FRED. WITH A GOOD HEART.
CONSIDERING THE STATE OF THE PLANET...WELL, A LITTLE KINDNESS GOES A LONG WAY, DON'T YOU THINK?
I AGREE.
RUFUS WAS KIND...WHEN HE WAS COURTING ME. BUT AFTER WE WERE MARRIED, HE--
IF YOU DON'T MIND ME ASKING--WHY DIDN'T YOU EVER DIVORCE HIM?
BECAUSE I KEPT THINKING HE WAS GOING TO CHANGE BACK TO THE WONDERFUL MAN I KNEW AND LOVED. STUPID, ISN'T IT?
HEY, I'M THE LAST ONE TO PASS JUDGMENT WHEN IT COMES TO MATTERS OF THE HEART.
WELL, WE DON'T NEED TO DWELL ON ANY OF THAT.
LET'S GET THIS CHRISTMAS SHRUB OF YOURS DECORATED--

"--GOD KNOWS WE COULD USE A LITTLE YULETIDE CHEER."
...I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY DAPHNE DID IT.
CARRIE-- SHE MAY HAVE LOOKED LIKE A MONSTER, BUT SHE WASN'T LIKE THE OTHERS.
SHE WAS KIND. AND... AND SHE WAS LONELY.
ALL SHE WANTED WAS SOME FRIENDS.
BUT DAPHNE SHOT HER. KILLED HER.
RIDN'T KNOW. RYING TO PROTECT YOU.
YEAH, I GUESS SHE WAS.
BUT IF SHE'D JUST WAITED A MINUTE, I COULD'VE EXPLAINED. CARRIE, SHE COULD'VE COME WITH US AND--
RAND WHAT?
I DON'T KNOW.
I'M REALLY TIRED OF ALL THIS, SCOOBY. ALWAYS RUNNING. ALWAYS AFRAID.
I MISS MY MOM AND MY DAD AND MY SISTER.
I MISS THE WAY LIFE USED T'BE.
RE, TOO.
"SO WHAT IF THE KID IS RIGHT?"

ABOUT WHAT?
TIKKA-TIKKA-T TIKKA-TIKK
ABOUT THAT GIRL YOU SHOT.
YOU MEAN THAT SHE WAS A "GOOD MONSTER"?
HAVEN'T WE SEEN ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT'S NOT TRUE?
BUT WHAT IF IT IS?
CLIFFY WAS CLEARLY HYPNOTIZED BY THAT CREATURE. IT WAS GOING TO DEVOUR HIM.
I REPEAT: *BUT WHAT IF IT'S TRUE?*
THEN I'LL LIVE WITH THE GUILT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.
I WASN'T TRYIN' T'MAKE YOU FEEL GUILTY, DAPH.
AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH, ALL THE NIGHTMARES WE'VE FACED, I PROBABLY WOULD'VE PULLED THAT TRIGGER, TOO.
THEN WHAT'S YOUR POINT?
THAT... IF THERE *ARE* "GOOD MONSTERS" OUT THERE...WELL, THAT CHANGES THE WHOLE BALL GAME.
THERE COULD BE HOPE FOR US. AN' FOR THE WORLD.
TIKKA-TIKK TIKKA- KA-TIKK TIKKA-T
A CHRISTMAS MIRACLE?
MAYBE.
YOU ARE TRULY A HOPELESS OPTIMIST, SHAGGY.
AND I LOVE YOU FOR IT.
NOW WHAT ABOUT YOU AND DAISY?
WHAT *ABOUT* ME AN' DAISY?
PLEASE! ANY IDIOT CAN SEE THAT YOU'RE SMITTEN WITH HER.
SIGH YEAH. SMITTEN AND A HALF.
I THINK I'M GONNA PROPOSE.
A-TIKKA-T TIKKA-TIKK TIKKA-TA KA-TIKKA- A-TIKKA-T TIKKA-TIKK
HER HUSBAND JUST DIED A FEW WEEKS AGO.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD WAIT A LITTLE WHILE...?
Y'MEAN LIKE FRED? STAND AROUND WAITIN' FOR YEARS, HOPING YOU'LL COME AROUND?
LEAVE FRED OUT OF THIS.
TIKKA-TIKKA-TIKKA-
HEY...SHE STOPPED!
WELL...?
LET'S GO FIND THE OTHERS.
BUT WHAT'D YOU FIND OUT?
I'LL TELL YOU WHEN WE'RE ALL TOGETHER.
WELL, IT'S NOT EXACTLY A *TRADITIONAL* TREE--

--BUT IT'S BETTER THAN NOTHING.
I KINDA LIKE IT.
YOU DO?
YEAH. THANKS, FRED. THANKS A LOT.
YOU'RE WELCOME, KID.
ANYONE UP FOR A FEW CHRISTMAS CAROLS?
I WOULDN'T START SINGING JUST YET.
YOU'RE BACK!
YES. BUT WE SHOULD HAVE NEVER GONE IN THE FIRST PLACE.
WILL YOU STOP BEING SO DAMN MELODRAMATIC AND TELL US WHAT YOU FOUND OUT?
VELMA...?
WHAT'S GOING ON?
I WISH I KNEW.
SMASH

VELMA... WHATEVER IT IS, YOU CAN TELL US.
I SCOURED THE *PROJECT ELYSIUM* FILES. STUDIED THE ADAPTATIONS MY BROTHERS MADE TO THE PROGRAM.
THEY THOUGHT THEY'D ALTERED THE NANITES SO THAT THEY WOULD TRANSFORM THE POPULACE INTO OBEDIENT SHEEP.
BUT THERE WAS A GLITCH. THE NANITES SOMEHOW BECAME AUTONOMOUS. BEGAN INITIATING THEIR *OWN* PROGRAM THAT SOMEHOW--
--AND I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW--
--SPARKED THE MONSTER PLAGUE.
I RAN COUNTER-PROGRAMS. SEARCHED THE IMPLEMENTATION PROTOCOLS. CREATED A DOZEN COMPUTER MODELS FOR POSSIBLE WAYS TO DESTABILIZE THE NANITES AND REVERSE THE CONTAGION.
AND...?
AND I CAME TO A HORRIFYING CONCLUSION.
THE PLAGUE--IS *IRREVERSIBLE.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

...AREN'T YOU COMING?
I REFUSE TO BE A PART OF THIS.
WHY?
BECAUSE BRINGING THE *MOLE* ONTO THIS CASE WOULD BE A DISASTER!
NEW YORK CITY.
DISASTER? *MOROCCO'S* SAVED MY LIFE A DOZEN TIMES!
ENDANGERED IT A HUNDRED TIMES MORE!
I'VE NEVER KNOWN A MORE INEPT AGENT.
EXCEPT, MAYBE, FOR YOU.
WHAT WAS THAT, *AGENT BEA?*
NOTHING.
LOOK, MOROCCO AND I WERE PARTNERS FOR YEARS.
WE'RE A PERFECT TEAM. A WELL-OILED MACHINE.
PLEASE! THE ONLY REASON YOU KEPT HIM AROUND--
--WAS BECAUSE HE IDOLIZED YOU AND JUMPED AT YOUR EVERY COMMAND.
HE WASN'T THERE TO HELP WITH MISSIONS--
HE WAS THERE TO FEED YOUR BOTTOMLESS EGO!
AND WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?
MOROCCO MOLE IS BLIND AS A BAT AND DUMB AS A POST--
--AND I WILL NOT ALLOW HIS INCOMPETENCE TO JEOPARDIZE THIS MISSION!
HE IS *NOT* INCONTINENT!
I SAID *INCOMPETENT,* NOT--
OH, NEVER MIND!
LOOK, *DOUBLE-Q* WANTS THE MOLE IN ON THIS--
--AND AS LONG AS YOU'RE HERE ON LOAN FROM *MI6*--
YOU'RE GONNA FOLLOW HIS ORDERS OR--
OH, SHUT UP--
--AND LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH, YOU UNGRATEFUL LITTLE WRETCH!
I SAVED YOUR LIFE AFTER THAT *KILLICOPTER* ATTACK*--
"UNGRATEFUL"? MOI?
--AND I STILL HAVEN'T HEARD A THANK YOU!
* IN *SCOOBY APOCALYPSE VOL. 3.*

WHY SHOULD I THANK YOU?
YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL AND YOU WERE DOING YOUR JOB!
I WOULD HAVE DONE THE SAME FOR YOU!
WOULD YOU, REALLY?
OF COURSE I WOULD!
MAYBE.
WHAT WAS THAT, AGENT OOO?
NOTHING.
Sigh--I SHOULD HAVE JUST LEFT YOU THERE TO DIE.
WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU?
BECAUSE... WELL...IT'S WHAT YOU SAID.
I WAS DOING MY JOB AND--
Uh--
--EXCUSE ME, BUT ARE YOU ACTUALLY TALKING TO--
TWO WORDS: I'M ARMED.
DING BING
GOOD AFTERNOON. I'M MR. MOLE'S PERSONAL ASSISTANT, LOUELLA.
PUT SOME CLOTHES ON, WOMAN! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY BLOODY DIGNITY?
YOU MUST BE AGENT BEA AND AGENT OOO. MR. MOLE IS EXPECTING YOU AND--
WAIT! YOU CAN'T JUST--

UP OFF YOUR BLUBBERY BUTT, AGENT MOLE!
NICE TO SEE YOU, TOO, HONEY.
BUT, AS I EXPLAINED TO DOUBLE-Q WHEN HE CALLED, I'M OFFICIALLY RETIRED--
--AND I HAVE ZERO INTEREST IN RETURNING TO THE FOLD.
THEN WHAT THE HELL ARE WE DOING HERE?
I SUSPECT THE CHIEF THOUGHT THAT SEEING YOU TWO AGAIN WOULD STRIKE A CHORD OF LOYALTY... OR PERHAPS NOSTALGIA FOR THE "GOOD OLD DAYS."
BUT, TRUTH BE TOLD, I'M NOT A VERY NOSTALGIC FELLOW. I'M QUITE CONTENT WITH MY LIFE AS IT IS.
LISTEN UP, SOLDIER: TOP SCIENTISTS AROUND THE WORLD ARE BEING MURDERED...THEIR BRAINS SURGICALLY REMOVED!
THERE'S SOMETHING NEFARIOUS GOING ON AND YOUR COUNTRY NEEDS YOU!
I NEED YOU!
SO GET OUT THE OLD FEZ, SLIP ON YOUR GLASSES AND--
NO.
WHADDAYOU *MEAN* "NO"?
Y-YOU CAN'T TALK TO ME LIKE THAT!
WHY NOT?
I KNOW YOU'RE SOMEWHAT DENSE, AGENT OOO--
--BUT I WOULDN'T THINK A ONE-SYLLABLE WORD LIKE "NO" WOULD BEFUDDLE YOU.
BECAUSE I'M YOUR BUDDY!
YOUR PARTNER!
MORE THAN THAT: I'M YOUR *IDOL!*
YOU HANG ON MY EVERY WORD!
WORSHIP THE VERY GROUND I WALK ON!
MAYBE ONCE, WHEN I WAS YOUNGER-- AND FAR MORE NAIVE.
BUT WITH TIME, AND REFLECTION, I'VE COME TO SEE--
--THAT YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A VAIN, ARROGANT, EGOTISTICAL, NARCISSISTIC PSYCHOPATH--
--WITHOUT A SHRED OF HUMAN DECENCY IN THAT WASTELAND YOU CALL A SOUL.
BUT THOSE ARE MY *GOOD POINTS!*
THE MOLE HAS CERTAINLY CHANGED.
I WOULDN'T KNOW. THE GIRLS AND I HAVE ONLY BEEN WORKING HERE FOR TWO WEEKS.
DOING *WHAT,* EXACTLY?

OH, NOTHING LIKE THAT. MR. MOLE IS A PERFECT GENTLEMAN.
WE'RE MORE... DECORATIVE THAN ANYTHING ELSE.
DISGUSTING! DON'T YOU HAVE ANY SENSE OF SELF-WORTH?
I'D SAY THESE BABES ARE WORTH A SMALL FORTUNE!
JUST SO YOU KNOW, LADIES--
THERE'S A LOT I CAN DO WITH THIS BUSHY TAIL OF MINE AND--
YOU
SLAM
INFURIATING
SLAM
OBNOXIOUS
SLAM
SEXIST
SLAM
PIG!
GAH! I NEED A DRINK!
BRING ME ONE, TOO!
MAYBE IT'LL NUMB THE PAIN.
THE THINGS THAT WOMAN DOES TO COVER UP THE FACT THAT SHE ADORES ME!
NOTHING CHANGES WITH YOU TWO, DOES IT?
WHAT'D BE THE FUN OF THAT?
I'D APPRECIATE IT IF YOU AND AGENT BEA WOULD HAVE YOUR DRINKS AND DEPART.
C'MON, MOLEY, YOU... AH...YOU DIDN'T *REALLY* MEAN THE THINGS YOU SAID BEFORE--
--DID YOU? Y'KNOW, ABOUT ME BEING--
"A VAIN, ARROGANT, EGOTISTICAL, NARCISSISTIC PSYCHOPATH--WITHOUT A SHRED OF HUMAN DECENCY IN THAT WASTELAND YOU CALL A SOUL"?
WOW. BETWEEN YOU AND HONEY, YOU'VE *REALLY* GOT ALL THE INSULTS COVERED.
AND HERE I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU EVEN UNDERSTAND WHAT FRIENDSHIP IS, OOO.
'COURSE I DO! IT'S HAVING EACH OTHER'S BACKS... ALL THE TIME...NO MATTER WHAT! AND WHATEVER YOU MAY THINK OF ME, MOROCCO--
--I'VE *ALWAYS* HAD YOUR BACK!
THEY'RE DISTRACTED. NOW IS THE TIME.

SLAUGHTERATONS--
--ATTACK!
NO ONE LEAVES THIS PENTHOUSE ALIVE!
SECRET SQUIRREL IN
DEADLY REUNION!
GIFFEN & DeMATTEIS
WRITERS
HOWARD CHAYKIN
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LETTERS
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ASSISTANT EDITOR
HARVEY RICHARDS
EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS
UNDERCOVER

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE
MALLED!
ALBANY, NEW YORK...
WE'RE REALLY GOING IN THERE?
HENRY HUDSON MALL
A new direction for the Scooby Gang, courtesy of...
KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DeMATTEIS & RON WAGNER
ANDY OWENS: inks
HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
CARLOS D'ANDA: cover
DIEGO LOPEZ: asst. editor
HARVEY RICHARDS: editor
MARIE JAVINS: cosmic overlord

NO.
YES.
WELL I'M GLAD WE CLEARED *THAT* UP!
HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SINCE WE DISCOVERED THAT THERE'S *NO CURE* FOR THE NANITE PLAGUE?
TWO MONTHS.
AND WHAT HAVE WE BEEN DOING SINCE THEN?
RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES? DESPERATELY TRYING TO SURVIVE?
EXACTLY.
"EXACTLY" WHAT, *VELMA?*
WE CAN'T *KEEP* RUNNING. WE NEED A BASE OF OPERATIONS. SOMEPLACE WE CAN FORTIFY. TAKE SHELTER FOR THE DURATION.
SO WE'RE GONNA, LIKE, SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES IN A MALL, EATING RANCID SCRAPS IN THE FOOD COURT?
FIRST OF ALL, *SHAGGY,* THERE'S EVERY CHANCE THIS PLACE HAS ENOUGH SUPPLIES TO KEEP US GOING INDEFINITELY.
AND SECOND OF ALL?
ONCE WE'VE DUG IN HERE, ONCE WE HAVE A SECURE BASE, WE CAN BEGIN THE REBUILDING PROCESS.
REBUILDING WHAT? THE WORLD WE KNEW IS OVER. WE'RE THE ONLY SURVIVORS. AND IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THOSE *THINGS* FINALLY TAKE US OUT.
WE'VE SEEN INDICATIONS, *DAPHNE,* THAT WE'RE *NOT* THE ONLY SURVIVORS. THAT THERE ARE PEOPLE OUT THERE WHO WERE UNAFFECTED BY THE PLAGUE.
I PROPOSE WE FIND THEM. BRING THEM BACK HERE. BUILD AN ENCAMPMENT. NO, *NOT* AN ENCAMPMENT: A COLONY.
AND THEN?
WAGE A WAR FOR HUMANITY'S SURVIVAL.
AND HOW LONG HAS THIS PLAN BEEN RATTLING AROUND IN THAT DEMENTED BRAIN OF YOURS?
SINCE WE LEFT *THE ATHENA CENTER.*
HENRY HUDSON MALL
AND YOU'RE SPRINGING THIS ON US NOW BECAUSE...?
BECAUSE THE TIME IS RIGHT. AND THE FUTURE IS OURS TO SHAPE.
YOU'RE SERIOUS?
INDEED I AM.
OKAY, I'M IN.

WAIT. WHAT?
AREN'T YOU GOING TO ARGUE WITH ME?
LOOK, IT'S A TRULY MORONIC IDEA--BUT WE CAN'T SPEND THE REST OF OUR LIVES AS HELPLESS VICTIMS, WAITING TO BECOME MONSTER FOOD.
YOU WANNA MAKE A STAND? START SOME POST-APOCALYPTIC COLONY? BUILD AN ARMY? JUST TELL ME WHERE TO SIGN.
I DON'T GET IT, *FRED.* WHY ARE THERE SO MANY CARS?
WHEN THE PLAGUE HIT, IT HIT FAST. ONE MINUTE THIS PLACE WAS FILLED WITH HAPPY FAMILIES...THE NEXT, FROTHING MONSTERS--
--THAT CLEARLY HAD NO USE FOR AUTOMOBILES.
WELL, MAYBE WE CAN STRIP THEM FOR PARTS. ONE OF THESE DAYS THE *MYSTERY MACHINE* IS GOING TO BE DAMAGED AND THEN--
I DON'T EVEN WANT TO THINK ABOUT THAT.
YOU SURE IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO GO IN THERE?
IT COULD BE SWARMING WITH THOSE MONSTROSITIES.
MOST OF 'EM SEEM TO BE SWARMING OUT HERE. MAYBE THEY DON'T LIKE IT IN THERE.
OR MAYBE THERE ARE EVEN MORE SAVAGE CREATURES INSIDE THAT *THEY'RE* AFRAID OF.
I DON'T WANT TO THINK ABOUT *THAT* EITHER.
⸗SIGH⸗ WHEN DID MY LIFE BECOME AN ENDLESS *GEORGE ROMERO* MOVIE?
GEORGE WHO?
YOU DON'T WANNA KNOW.
MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST GET IN THE VAN AND MOVE ON.
MOVE ON WHERE, *DAISY?* HOW LONG DO WE KEEP RUNNING?
I DON'T KNOW.

"TILL WE DIE?"
I DON'T LIKE MALLS, *SCOOB.*
RHY NOT?
ONCE... WHEN I WAS A REALLY LITTLE KID... I GOT LOST IN ONE. TOOK FOREVER FOR MY PARENTS T'FIND ME.
I WAS WANDERING AROUND CRYING. EVERYONE WAS STARING AT ME AND--
RI WON'T LOSE YOU, *RIFFY.*
NEVER?
REVER.
PROMISE?
ROMISE.
SCRAPPY-DOO WAS MY VERY BEST FRIEND, SCOOB. YOU KNOW THAT.
RUH-HUH.
BUT A KID CAN HAVE *TWO* BEST FRIENDS, RIGHT?
RUH-*HUH.*
THAT'S GOOD.
C'MON, BUDDY, LET'S TAKE A WALK.
ROKAY, PAL!
CLIFFY... DON'T GO FAR!
WE WON'T. AN' DON'T WORRY--
--NOTHING BAD'LL HAPPEN TO ME AS LONG AS SCOOBY-DOO IS WITH ME!
THOSE TWO HAVE REALLY BONDED THESE PAST COUPLE OF MONTHS, HAVEN'T THEY?
THEY CERTAINLY HAVE. AND I FEEL THE SAME WAY.
YOU'RE BONDED TO SCOOBY, TOO?
TO *ALL* OF YOU. YOU AND THE OTHERS, FRED... YOU DIDN'T JUST SAVE MY LIFE. IN MANY WAYS--

"--YOU SAVED MY SOUL."
...AND THAT'S THE PLAN.
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK YOU'VE BEEN HANGING AROUND WITH DAPHNE TOO LONG. YOU'RE TALKING CRAZY!
UH...NO OFFENSE, DAPH.
HEY!
I AGREE WITH FRED.
YOU WOULD.
EXCUSE ME?
NOTHING.
LOOK, WE'VE GOTTA DO *SOMETHIN'* CONSTRUCTIVE. WE CAN'T KEEP WAITIN' FOR SOME MIRACLE T'SAVE THE WORLD. WE'VE GOTTA *BE* THE MIRACLE.
I'M WITH DAPH AND VELMA. I SAY WE MAKE A STAND HERE.
BUT THE MALL IS SURROUNDED BY THOSE CREATURES!
THEN WE CHARGE IN, GUNS BLAZING, AND--
IS THAT YOUR SOLUTION TO EVERY PROBLEM, DAPHNE?
BASICALLY.
YOU HAVE A BETTER IDEA?
WELL, *UH*--
WE *COULD* GO IN THROUGH THE SEWER SYSTEM.
YOU KNOW--
--THAT'S A VIABLE IDEA! CLIFFORD...I'M IMPRESSED!
I CAN'T TAKE CREDIT FOR IT, DR. DINKLEY.
I SAW IT IN A MOVIE.
WELL, THEN--INTO THE SEWERS WE GO!
YOU CANNOT BE SERIOUS!
HEY, CONSIDERIN' NONE OF US HAS HAD A SHOWER IN WEEKS--

"--HOW BAD CAN IT BE?"
CITY HALL
NO, NO! THE *SEWER* SYSTEM! *ELECTRICAL'S* TOO COMPLICATED!
AND IF WE CAN'T FIND THE BLUEPRINTS?
RECORDS
LOOK AT THIS PLACE, FRED! THEY'VE SAVED EVERY MUNICIPAL RECORD FOR THE PAST FIFTY YEARS, AT LEAST!
AND WE'VE BEEN SORTING THROUGH THEM FOR HOURS!
TRUST ME, WE'LL FIND IT.
I'VE NEVER SEEN YOU SO SURE OF YOURSELF, VELM.
CONSIDERING THAT I'M RESPONSIBLE... HOWEVER INADVERTENTLY... FOR THE PLAGUE THAT WIPED OUT HUMANITY--
--I REALLY DON'T HAVE ANY CHOICE, DO I?
THIS IS A BILL FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS!
SO?
FROM *1962!*
OH.
I *FOUND* IT!
A DETAILED SCHEMATIC OF THE SEWERS LEADING INTO AND OUT OF THE HENRY HUDSON MALL!
YOU SURE?
IT'S A SEWER, FRED. HARD TO CONFUSE IT WITH ANYTHING ELSE.
WHAT'VE YOU GOT, DOC?
TAKE A LOOK.
GEEZ... IT'S LIKE A MAZE.
A MAZE IS JUST A PUZZLE. AND ANY PUZZLE CAN BE SOLVED.

REALLY? I CAN'T MAKE HEADS OR TAILS OUT OF IT.
TAKE A LOOK. FOLLOW THIS LINE...IT'S THE MAIN PIPE--
--AND... SEE HERE?...IT BRANCHES OFF INTO INDIVIDUAL STORES.
WHAT IF IT'S ALL SEALED UP?
IT WON'T BE.
HOW CAN YOU KNOW?
BECAUSE IT *CAN'T* BE. BECAUSE WE *NEED* TO GET IN THERE.
SO... WHAT? WE'RE GOING TO GET IN BECAUSE OF THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING?
THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEAN.
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE SAID FOR FOCUS, DETERMINATION AND SELF-CONFIDENCE.
SINCE WE ALL FIRST MET AT *THE COMPLEX* WE'VE BEEN PASSIVE VICTIMS. OUR ONLY GOAL HAS BEEN TO LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER DAY.
NOT A BAD GOAL, IF YOU ASK ME.
WE NEED TO AIM HIGHER. WE NEED TO WIN. AND WE'RE *GOING* TO.
VELMA, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?
YOU SOUND ALMOST... OBSESSED.
DAMN RIGHT I'M OBSESSED.
I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE LIFE IN MY INTELLECT, AFRAID OF THE WIDER WORLD. ALWAYS LETTING PEOPLE TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME.
THE RESULT? MY BROTHERS UNLEASHED HELL ON EARTH.
NEVER AGAIN.
I THOUGHT *I* WAS THE KICK-ASS WARRIOR WOMAN ON THIS TEAM.
OH, YOU STILL ARE. THAT'S WHY I'M SENDING YOU INTO THE SEWERS.
OH... JOY.
I JUST WANT TO GO ON RECORD SAYING THAT THIS IS A STUPID, DANGEROUS AND *REALLY GROSS* IDEA.
RECORDS
PRECISELY WHY I'M SENDING SHAGGY ALONG WITH DAPHNE-- AND NOT YOU.
THIS ISN'T GONNA END WELL, IS IT?
"WHY DO *I* HAVE TO GO?"

I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON BOARD WITH THIS. "*WE'VE* GOTTA BE THE MIRACLE," REMEMBER?
THERE ARE NO MIRACLES IN SEWERS! JUST FECES!
BESIDES, I DON'T WANNA LEAVE FRED UP HERE WITH--
STUPID, STUPID IDEA!
WITH WHO?
JUST... JUST FORGET IT, OKAY?
SHAGGY, ARE YOU COMING OR NOT?
YEAH. YEAH, I'LL GO.
BUT, LIKE, I'VE READ THAT THERE ARE HOMELESS PEOPLE LIVIN' IN THE SEWER SYSTEMS! AN' IF THEY *ARE* DOWN THERE AN' THE NANITES'VE TURNED 'EM INTO MONSTERS, THEN--
A RIDICULOUS URBAN MYTH. WE WOULDN'T EVEN COVER THAT ON *"DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES"!*
ACTUALLY, WE DID IT IN SEASON TWO.
NO WAY I CAN TALK YOU OUT OF THIS?
TRUST ME, FRED. WE SECURE THIS MALL AND WE'LL BE ABLE TO HOLD THOSE CREATURES OFF FOREVER.
YOU'VE CLEARLY NEVER SEEN A ZOMBIE MOVIE. BUT SINCE I CAN'T CHANGE YOUR MIND--
--*I'LL* GO INSTEAD OF SHAGGY.
ALL RIGHT, THEN. DAPHNE--
--IS YOUR CELL PHONE CHARGED?
YEAH. WE'LL CHECK IN ON THE WAY BACK.
IF WE GET BACK.
EVER THE OPTIMIST.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, FRED? WHY DID YOU COME?
I THOUGHT THE SEWER WOULD BE THE PERFECT PLACE TO PROPOSE.
HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU THAT I DON'T WANT TO--
IT WAS A JOKE!

SORT OF.
I DUNNO. MAYBE I SHOULD'VE GONE WITH 'EM.
FIRST YOU DON'T WANT TO, THEN YOU DO, THEN YOU DON'T, THEN YOU DO AGAIN.
YOU'VE BEEN ACTING ODD LATELY... EVEN FOR YOU. WHAT'S WRONG?
WELL...IF YOU PROMISE NOT T'TELL ANYONE...IT'S DAISY.
WHAT ABOUT HER?
THE PAST FEW MONTHS...DAISY AN' FRED HAVE BEEN...WELL, I CAN SEE THE WAY SHE LOOKS AT HIM AN' I THINK--
WE'RE FIGHTING FOR OUR LIVES...FOR OUR PLANET...AND YOU'RE OBSESSING ON WHAT AMOUNTS TO A HIGH SCHOOL CRUSH?
I *LOVE* HER!
SIGH YOU LOVE THE *IDEA* OF HER. YOU'VE CREATED A PSEUDO-ROMANTIC, IDEALIZED IMAGE OF DAISY THAT HAS PRECIOUS LITTLE TO DO WITH THE ACTUAL PERSON.
IF IT WAS MORE THAN THAT, YOU WOULD HAVE ALREADY SPOKEN TO HER ABOUT YOUR FEELINGS.
OH WHADDA *YOU* KNOW? YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN LOVE!
ACTUALLY, I *HAVE*--
--NOT THAT IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS.
NOW STOP THIS ADOLESCENT MOONING AND FOCUS!
HEY, *HEY*-- Y'DON'T HAVE T'GET SO NASTY ABOUT IT!
WHAT'RE YOU GUYS WHISPERING ABOUT?
UH... N-NOTHING! WE'RE JUST--
WHAT?
JUST SAYIN' A PRAYER. HOPIN' FRED AN' DAPHNE COME BACK SAFE.
A PRAYER? BUT DR. DINKLEY'S AN ATHEIST!
SHE'S VERY ADAPTABLE.
SHAGGY, ARE YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK UPSET.
IF SOMETHING'S WRONG, YOU CAN TELL ME.
WRONG? NAH.

"EVERYTHING'S PEACHY."
...IT SMELLS *HORRIBLE* DOWN HERE!
WHAT'D YOU EXPECT?
I EXPECTED MILDLY DISGUSTING. BUT THIS IS WILDLY REVOLTING.
BUT DON'T WORRY, I CAN HANDLE IT.
HANDLE IT? WE'VE BEEN DOWN HERE TEN MINUTES AND YOU'VE ALREADY PUKED THREE TIMES!
AND WHO'S GONNA NOTICE IN *THIS* MESS? I MEAN WE--
OH NO.
WHAT?
I...*UH*... THINK WE SHOULD HAVE BRANCHED OFF BACK THERE.
THEN WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?
HEY, DON'T GET MAD! VELMA'S SCRAWL IS HARD TO READ!
⁘SIGH⁘ LET'S JUST DOUBLE BACK. AFTER ALL, ONCE YOU'RE UP TO YOUR KNEES IN SEWAGE--
--A LITTLE MORE'S NOT GONNA HURT YOU.
SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.
IS THIS IT?
I THINK SO.
YOU THINK?
IT IS! IT IS!
YOU'D BETTER NOT BE WRONG ABOUT THIS, FRED JONES!
I'M NOT! WHY DON'T YOU EVER GIVE ME THE BENEFIT OF THE--
GAH!
WHAT IS IT?
SOMETHING SLIMY JUST BRUSHED MY HAND. I THINK MAYBE IT WAS A FISH.
FISH COULDN'T SURVIVE DOWN HERE.
NOT BEFORE THE PLAGUE THEY COULDN'T. BUT IF THEY ARE *MUTATED MONSTER FISH,* THEN--
RELAX, WILL YOU? IT WAS PROBABLY JUST A WAD OF POOP.
OKAY, THEN--

--TIME FOR MY FOURTH HEAVE.
QUIET!
NOT T'WORRY, DAPH-- I'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT TO PUKE UP! IN FACT, I--
I SAID BE--
--QUIET!
HMPHRUMF HUMMPHRR
LOOK DOWN THERE!
WE'RE NOT ALONE!
RUH-ROH.

"WE'D BETTER CALL VELMA!"
BRINNNGG BRINNNGG
THAT MUST BE THEM!
Y'NEVER KNOW. COULD BE A TELEMARKETER.
WE DON'T WANT ANY. *HEH-HEH.*
HEY, HEY, CALM DOWN, BUDDY--I WAS JUST KIDDIN'!
AN' SPEAK UP, WILL YOU? I CAN BARELY HEAR YOU!
WHADDAYOU MEAN YOU CAN'T SPEAK UP? WHAT'S--
I KNEW IT! I *KNEW* IT! *I KNEW IT!*
KNEW *WHAT?*
A COLONY OF HOMELESS PEOPLE LIVIN' IN THE SEWERS--
--AN' THEY'VE BEEN MUTATED!
NOW, C'MON-- *SAY* IT!
OKAY, OKAY: YOU WERE RIGHT AND WE WERE WRONG.
NOW WOULD YOU PLEASE PUT VELMA ON?
"URBAN MYTH"! *HA!*
IS THIS REALLY SOMETHING WORTH GLOATING ABOUT?
HEY, WE TAKE OUR VICTORIES WHERE WE CAN!
JUST GIVE ME THE DAMN PHONE.
FRED? YES, I HEARD.
HOW MANY?
WELL YOU TWO JUST TURN RIGHT AROUND--

--AND GET OUT OF THERE!
WELL, WE'RE SURE NOT GONNA STAY DOWN HERE WITH *THOSE* THINGS!
WE'LL JUST QUIETLY DOUBLE BACK AND--
FRED, LOOK-- OVER THERE!
A PASSAGE! THAT MIGHT TAKE US RIGHT INTO THE MALL AND--
INTO THE MALL? ARE YOU CRAZY?
OR IS THAT A STUPID QUESTION?
WHAT? NO, NO, *NO!*
THAT DOESN'T SOUND GOOD.
TELL HER TO TURN AROUND AND GET BACK HERE ASAP!
THIS IS DAPHNE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT! SHE WON'T LISTEN TO ME! SHE WON'T LISTEN TO ANYONE!
LOOK, I CAN'T LET HER DO THIS ALONE. I'VE GOTTA GO. WE'LL CALL YOU LATER--
Y'KNOW, IF WE'RE STILL ALIVE.
DAPH! DO YOU REALIZE THE RISK WE'RE TAKING?
WHEN HAVE I EVER BEEN AFRAID OF RISK?
NEVER! BUT THAT'S NOT NECESSARILY A GOOD THING!
IF THOSE BEASTIES HEAR US UP HERE--
STOP TALKING AND THEY *WON'T!*
THIS IS ALL MY FAULT.
HOW?
IF IT WASN'T FOR THIS IDIOTIC IDEA OF MINE TO SET UP A BASE OF OPERATIONS INSIDE THE MALL--
--DAPHNE AND FRED WOULDN'T BE PUTTING THEIR LIVES ON THE LINE RIGHT NOW.
FACE IT, DOC: WE, LIKE, PUT OUR LIVES ON THE LINE *EVERY SINGLE DAY.* IT'S JUST THE WAY THINGS ARE. NOW WE CAN EITHER SIT HERE MOANIN' ABOUT IT--

"--OR WE CAN DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT."
C'MON, FRED! IT'S JUST A LITTLE FARTHER!
YOU SURE?
YES, I'M SURE! NOW CLIMB OUT AFTER ME--AND BE SURE NOT TO MAKE ANY--
RUNNNCHHH
--NOISE...?
CHOOM

WUD
HANG ON, DAPH! I'LL--
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, FREDDY.
KLIK-AKK
I'VE GOT THIS.
RAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA

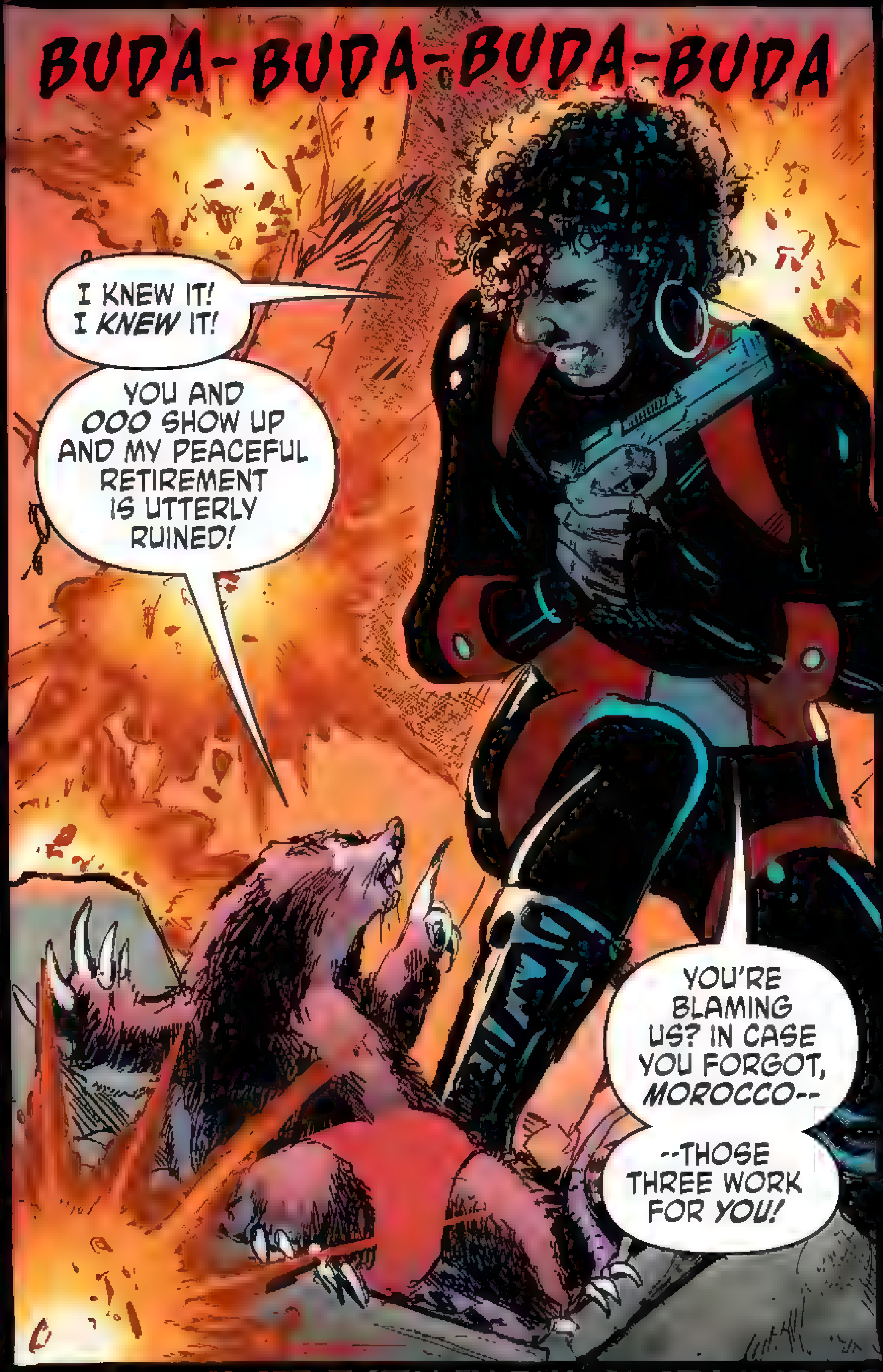
RAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
GET OUT OF HERE, FRED!
GO!
PLEASE! I HAVEN'T LEFT YOUR SIDE SINCE FRESHMAN YEAR OF COLLEGE!
RAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
Y'THINK I'M GONNA START NOW?
YOU WERE AN IDIOT THEN--AND YOU'RE AN IDIOT NOW.
BUT YOU'RE *MY* IDIOT.
WELL, THEN, DAPHNE BLAKE: WILL YOU--
YOU ARE NOT SERIOUSLY GOING TO PROPOSE TO ME *NOW*, ARE YOU?!
MAYBE.
RAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
WHAT THE HELL AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU?
SAY "YES"?
HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT--
:SIGH: WHY ARE WE EVEN TALKING ABOUT THIS?
RAKKA TAKKA TAKKA
RUN!
Y'KNOW, DAPH, ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GONNA GET TIRED OF ASKING--
--AND MARRY SOMEONE ELSE!
IF YOU CAN FIND YOURSELF A BRIDE IN THIS APOCALYPTIC HELLSCAPE--YOU HAVE MY BLESSING!
NOW *RUN*, DAMMIT!
I'M RUNNING! I'M RUNNING!
RAKKA TAKKA TAKKA TAKKA

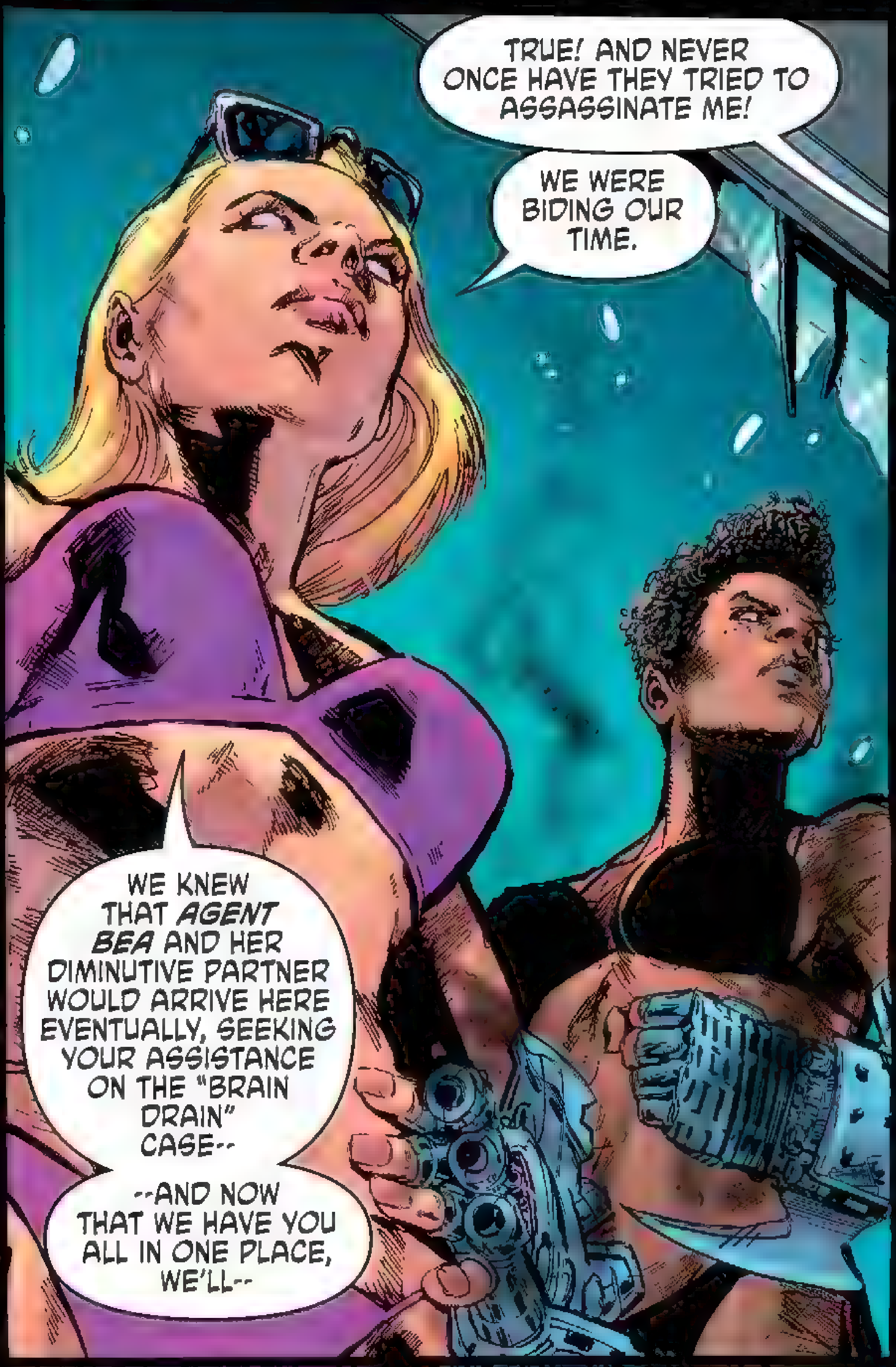
LOOKS LIKE WE CAN GET ACCESS TO THE MALL UP THESE STAIRS!
AND IF THE PLACE IS CRAWLING WITH *MORE* OF THOSE THINGS?
THAT'S A CHANCE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE!
THAT'S YOUR PHILOSOPHY ABOUT *EVERYTHING*, ISN'T IT?
YOU DON'T STOP TO THINK. YOU JUST GO CHARGING IN.
IT'S THE WAY I WAS RAISED, FRED. IT'S *WHO I AM.*
AND IF YOU'RE NOT USED TO IT BY NOW--
OH, I KNOW IT'S WHO YOU ARE. BUT MAYBE I'M GETTING A LITTLE TIRED OF IT.
ALWAYS WORRYING ABOUT YOU. WONDERING WHAT CRAZY MESS YOU'LL GET YOURSELF INTO NEXT.
BEING WITH YOU HAS TURNED ME INTO A NERVOUS WRECK!
PLEASE! YOU WERE A TREMBLING BALL OF NEUROSES LONG BEFORE YOU MET ME!
NO! I WAS A HAPPY KID FROM A SMALL TOWN WHO HAD A FANTASTIC LIFE!
OH--AND *I* RUINED THAT FOR YOU?
THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAYING! OR MAYBE IT IS! BUT, DAPH, YOU'VE GOTTA UNDERSTAND THAT--
UH... YOU *HEAR* THAT?
HEAR WHAT?
NOTHING. THE ONLY SOUND IS OUR OWN FOOTSTEPS. WHICH BEGS THE QUESTION--
WHY AREN'T THOSE BEASTIES FOLLOWING US?
Y'THINK THEY'RE AFRAID OF SOMETHING INSIDE?
OR MAYBE THEY KNOW ANOTHER WAY AROUND AND THEY'RE WAITING FOR US BEHIND THAT DOOR?
MALL
ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT.
WE'RE GOING IN?
OH YEAH--
--WE ARE *DEFINITELY* GOING IN!

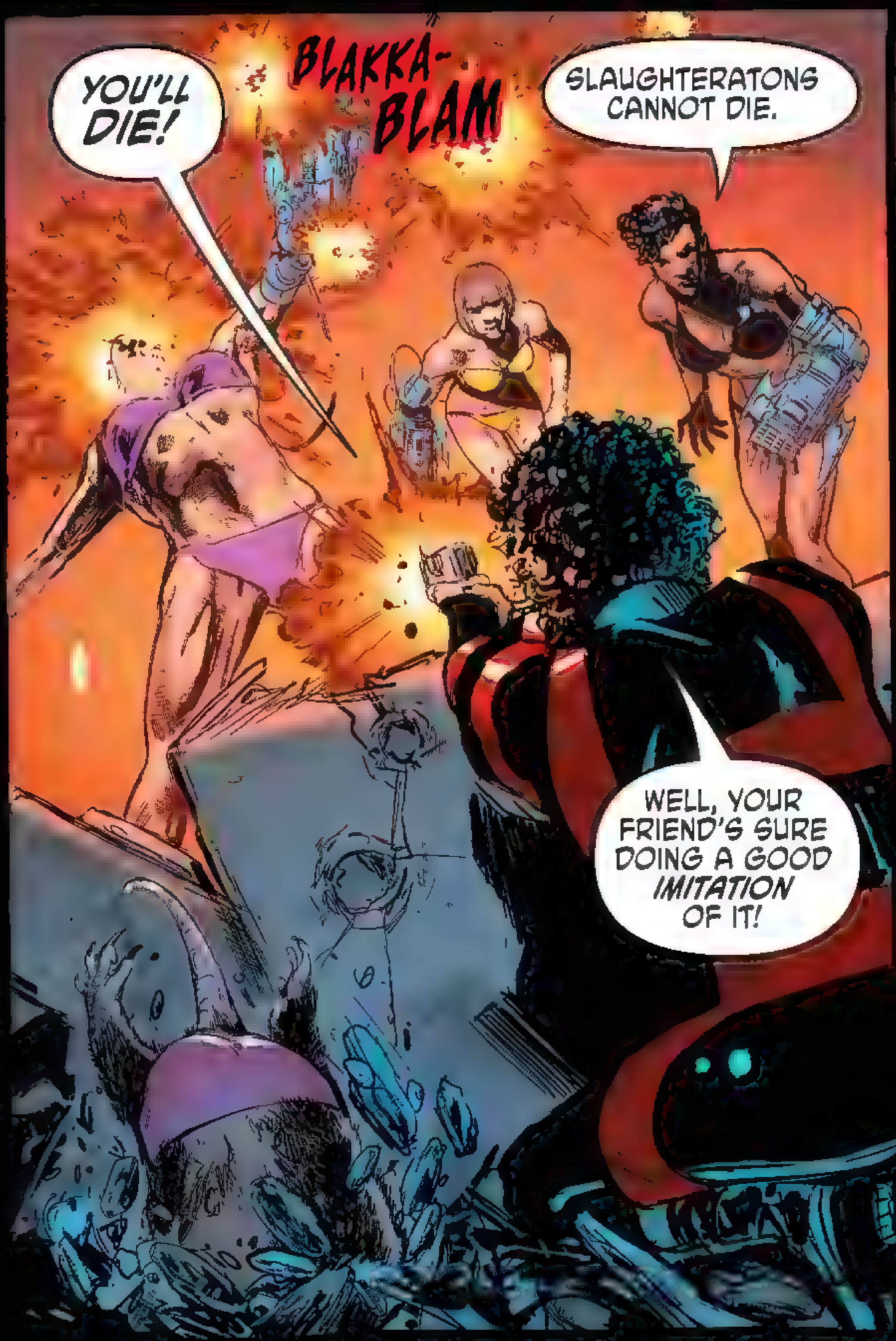
SECRET SQUIRREL! in... BIKINI BLOODBATH!

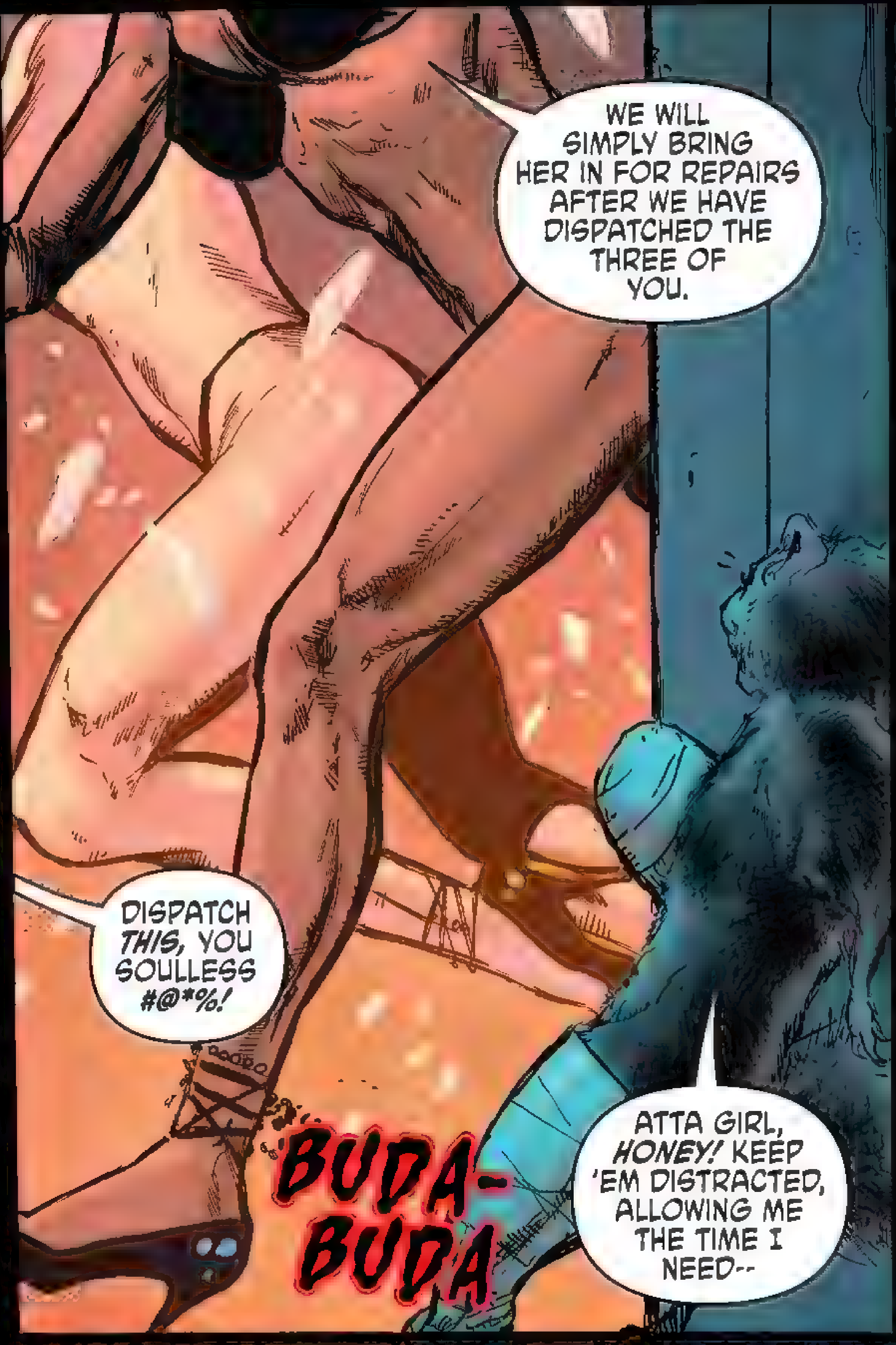
NEW YORK CITY...
BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA-BUDDA-BUDDA
BUDDA
SLAUGHTERATONS--
--ATTACK!
NO ONE LEAVES THIS PENTHOUSE ALIVE!
BLOODY HELL!

GIFFEN & DeMATTEIS: writers PHIL JIMENEZ: artist HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
DIEGO LOPEZ: asst. editor HARVEY RICHARDS: editor MARIE JAVINS: licensed to kill


BUDA-BUDA-BUDA-BUDA
I KNEW IT! I *KNEW* IT!
YOU AND *OOO* SHOW UP AND MY PEACEFUL RETIREMENT IS UTTERLY RUINED!
YOU'RE BLAMING US? IN CASE YOU FORGOT, *MOROCCO*--
--THOSE THREE WORK FOR *YOU!*


TRUE! AND NEVER ONCE HAVE THEY TRIED TO ASSASSINATE ME!
WE WERE BIDING OUR TIME.
WE KNEW THAT *AGENT BEA* AND HER DIMINUTIVE PARTNER WOULD ARRIVE HERE EVENTUALLY, SEEKING YOUR ASSISTANCE ON THE "BRAIN DRAIN" CASE--
--AND NOW THAT WE HAVE YOU ALL IN ONE PLACE, WE'LL--


YOU'LL DIE!
BLAKKA-BLAM
SLAUGHTERATONS CANNOT DIE.
WELL, YOUR FRIEND'S SURE DOING A GOOD *IMITATION* OF IT!


WE WILL SIMPLY BRING HER IN FOR REPAIRS AFTER WE HAVE DISPATCHED THE THREE OF YOU.
DISPATCH *THIS,* YOU SOULLESS #@*%!
BUDA-BUDA
ATTA GIRL, *HONEY!* KEEP 'EM DISTRACTED, ALLOWING ME THE TIME I NEED--

--TO SPRING INTO ACTION AND END THIS BATTLE BEFORE IT'S--
--BEGUN...?!
WUD
YOU MISSED...?
WOULD YOU BELIEVE ME IF I TOLD YOU THAT I *WANTED* TO MISS IN ORDER TO--
IN ORDER TO WHAT?
I HAVEN'T FIGURED THAT PART OUT YET.
IDIOT! YOU'RE STILL RECOVERING FROM THE EXPLOSION BACK IN MINNESOTA!*
WHAT IN THE WORLD MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD TAKE ON A TRIO OF CYBER-KILLERS?
A FATAL COMBINATION OF ARROGANCE, OVERCONFIDENCE AND STUPIDITY?
THAT SOUNDS RIGHT!
⁑SIGH⁑ BOTH OF YOU TAKE COVER--
*BACK IN *SCOOBY APOCALYPSE VOL. 3.*

BLAKKA-BLAM
--AND LET A *PROFESSIONAL* HANDLE THIS!
BLAKKA-BLAM
BLAKKA-BLAM
BLAKKA-BLAM
BLAKKA--
BLAM
DAMN, I'M GOOD!
OF COURSE YOU ARE!

AFTER ALL, YOU HAD A FANTASTIC TEACHER!
YOU?
PLEASE! DON'T PRETEND YOU DIDN'T LEARN EVERYTHING YOU KNOW ABOUT THE ART OF SPY-FARE FROM ME.
COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU *DID* TEACH ME. I WATCHED EVERY MOVE YOU MADE--
--AND REALIZED THAT I HAD TO DO THE *EXACT OPPOSITE* IF I WAS GOING TO SURVIVE IN THIS GAME!
HMPH THAT'S GRATITUDE FOR YOU!
AND SPEAKING OF UNGRATEFUL WRETCHES--
WHAT? YOU'RE CALLING *ME* UNGRATEFUL? I SERVED YOU FAITHFULLY FOR YEARS! RISKED MY LIFE FOR YOU A DOZEN TIMES OVER--
AND DIDN'T I DO THE SAME FOR YOU?
NO!
WELL, I *WILL* DO IT IF YOU COME BACK INTO THE FOLD! THE *I.S.S.* NEEDS YOU! YOUR *COUNTRY* NEEDS YOU!
PLUS, YOU'RE THE ONLY ASSISTANT I EVER HAD WHO COULD MAKE A DECENT CUP OF COFFEE!
LOOK, MOROCCO, I WAS RELUCTANT TO COME HERE. THE TWO OF US NEVER REALLY GOT ALONG. BUT--
--AND I *REALLY* HATE TO SAY THIS--
--OOO IS RIGHT. WE NEED YOU. THIS CASE IS GETTING MORE COMPLICATED... AND MORE DANGEROUS... BY THE DAY.
AND, IF I'M HONEST... WELL...THE THREE OF US REALLY *DID* MAKE QUITE A TEAM.
SIGH CONSIDERING THAT I'M ALREADY A TARGET, IT APPEARS I HAVE NO CHOICE.
GIVE ME A MOMENT TO DON MORE SUITABLE ATTIRE, PACK AN OVERNIGHT BAG, GATHER MY WEAPONS--AND WE'LL BE ON OUR WAY.
BUT I *DO* HAVE ONE CONDITION.
WHAT'S THAT?
YOU'RE IN CHARGE OF THIS MISSION, AGENT BEA-- *NOT HIM!*
HER? DIDN'T YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID BEFORE? I TAUGHT HONEY BEA EVERYTHING SHE KNOWS!
WHY, WITHOUT ME RUNNING THINGS, THE TWO OF YOU WILL BE DEAD IN A DAY!
SO LET'S GET THIS STRAIGHT RIGHT NOW: THE ONLY ONE IN CHARGE HERE IS--
SLAM SLAM SLAM SLAM
YOU! IT'S YOU! YOU'RE IN CHARGE!
GOOD. NOW THAT WE'VE CLEARED THAT UP--
--LET'S GO SAVE THE WORLD!

...I'M, LIKE, NOT GONNA STAND HERE AN' JUST WAIT!
OH YES YOU ARE!
OH NO I'M NOT!
OH YES YOU ARE!
OH NO I'M--
YOU DO *REALIZE* THAT YOU SOUND LIKE A COUPLE OF TWO-YEAR-OLDS...?
OH NO WE DON'T!
OKAY. MAYBE WE *DO*.
BUT *DAPHNE* AND *FRED* ARE TRAPPED IN THAT MALL...SURROUNDED BY BLOODTHIRSTY THINGEES.
WE JUST CAN'T STAND AROUND DOING NOTHING!
BELIEVE ME, *SHAGGY,* I'D LOVE NOTHING MORE THAN TO RIDE IN THERE ON MY WHITE HORSE AND SAVE THEM, BUT--
YOU'VE GOT A *HORSE?*
I WAS SPEAKING METAPHORICALLY.
RIGHT.
LOOK, *VELMA,* IF YOU DON'T WANNA GO IN, LET ME TAKE *SCOOBY* AN--
RET ME *AT* 'EM!
NO.
IF YOU'RE DETERMINED TO MOUNT A RESCUE, THEN YOU AND I WILL GO.
EVEN IF THAT MEANS...*GAG*... CRAWLING THROUGH THE SEWER ACCESS PIPES TO GET THERE.
CLIFFY, OF COURSE, WILL REMAIN BEHIND WITH *DAISY* AND *SCOOBY-DOO.* I WILL NOT SUBJECT THAT CHILD TO ANY MORE DANGER.
ASIDE FROM THE DANGER OUT HERE, YOU MEAN? THERE *ARE* OTHER CREATURES SWARMING ALL AROUND US.
ONE THING I'VE LEARNED ABOUT YOU THESE PAST MONTHS, DAZE: YOU KNOW HOW T'TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.
I APPRECIATE THE VOTE OF CONFIDENCE, SHAGGY, EVEN IF I FEAR IT'S MISPLACED.
SIGH BUT NOBODY SAID SURVIVING THE APOCALYPSE--

"--WAS GOING TO BE *EASY.*"
THE HENRY HUDSON MALL. ALBANY, NEW YORK.
WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED IN HERE?
ORA
K DREW
IFFENS
Mathan's
SUBWAY
MEARS
CJNickel

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

UNCIVIL WAR!

HORROR, COMEDY AND ENTIRELY TOO MUCH DIALOGUE AS ONLY **KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DeMATTEIS** AND **RON WAGNER** CAN BRING IT TO YOU!

ANDY OWENS: INKER **HI-FI:** COLORS
TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS **CARLOS D'ANDA:** COVER
DIEGO LOPEZ: ASSISTANT EDITOR
HARVEY RICHARDS: EDITOR
MARIE JAVINS: AUTHORITY FIGURE

THEY'RE ALL DEAD.
WE HOPE.
BUT WHAT KILLED THEM?
FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS, *FRED*--THEY KILLED *EACH OTHER.*
WELL, HOWEVER THEY DIED, WE'VE GOT A CLEAR FIELD TO GET OUT OF HERE AND BACK TO--
WE'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.
OH, SO YOU'D RATHER STAY HERE WITH DOZENS OF ROTTING MONSTER CORPSES?
WE HAVE TO SCOPE OUT THE SITUATION.
BECAUSE?
BECAUSE WE MIGHT LEARN SOMETHING.
IN CASE YOU FORGOT, *DAPH,* THERE ARE HORDES OF BEASTIES *UNDERNEATH* THIS MALL--
--AND THEY'RE HOT ON OUR TRAIL.
CJNickel
IN CASE *YOU* FORGOT, THOSE BEASTIES WERE AFRAID TO COME UP HERE.
PROBABLY WITH GOOD REASON. IN FACT, THERE COULD BE--
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE--CHECK THIS OUT. THESE CREATURES ARE WEARING... UNIFORMS.
"MEARS"?
MEARS
YOU THINK MAYBE THEY WORKED THERE? Y'KNOW, BEFORE THE *NANITE PLAGUE* HIT?
I DON'T THINK SO. THAT LOOKS LIKE MAKESHIFT ARMOR THEY'RE WEARING.
AND LOOK AT THIS GROUP OVER HERE--
"CJNICKEL"?
I'VE HEARD OF COMPETITION BETWEEN DEPARTMENT STORES--BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS--
--AND KIND OF TERRIFYING.
CJNickel
MEA

LOOK AROUND. *ALL* OF THEM ARE WEARING EITHER "MEARS" OR "CJNICKEL" UNIFORMS. IT'S LIKE THEY'RE--
OPPOSING ARMIES.
STILL WANNA GET OUT OF HERE?
MORE THAN EVER!
BUT DON'T YOU WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED?
NO! I WANT TO GO OUTSIDE, CLIMB INTO THE *MYSTERY MACHINE* AND PUT AS MANY MILES BETWEEN US AND THIS PLACE AS POSSIBLE.
VELMA WANTS US TO DIG IN. MAKE THE MALL OUR HEADQUARTERS.
MEARS
VELMA HASN'T BEEN THINKING STRAIGHT SINCE SHE FOUND OUT THAT THERE'S NO CURE FOR THE PLAGUE. SHE--
WOW.
THAT'S A *LOT* OF DEAD MONSTERS.
FALL FOR SOMETHING FABULOUS IV
MEARS
AND LOOK: "MEARS" AT ONE END OF THE MALL, "NICKEL" AT THE OTHER. LIKE TWO ARMY CAMPS--IN A *VERY* STRANGE WAR.
WE'D BETTER CALL THE OTHERS.
WHY?

"SO THEY CAN BE AS WEIRDED OUT AS I AM?"
...YOU PULLIN' MY LEG, DUDE? "MEARS" AND "CJNICKEL"?
AN' THEY'RE AT WAR?
I'D ASK WHAT YOU'VE BEEN SMOKIN' BUT I KNOW YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A STRAIGHT ARROW FOR THAT!
OKAY! OKAY! STOP YELLIN' AT ME! I BELIEVE YOU!
JUST HANG TIGHT, FREDSTER-- WE WERE ABOUT T'COME IN THERE AFTER YOU ANYWAY.
OF COURSE YOU COULD JUST COME OUT AND--
YOU REALLY THINK DAPHNE'S GONNA DO THAT? SHE'S ALREADY HEADING OVER TO CHECK OUT "CJNICKEL."
SO WE'LL JUST SIT TIGHT TILL YOU GET HERE AND--
NO! TELL THEM TO STAY OUTSIDE!
HANG ON-- SGT. BLAKE'S BARKING ORDERS AGAIN.
IT MAY APPEAR THAT THEY'RE ALL DEAD, BUT WE DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WAITING INSIDE THESE STORES.
TELL THEM TO WAIT TILL WE GIVE THE ALL CLEAR!
SHE SAYS TO WAIT TILL WE GIVE THE ALL CLEAR.
NO, I DON'T AGREE WITH HER--BUT YOU KNOW DAPHNE!
MEARS
I DON'T LIKE THIS. BUT THEN I HAVEN'T LIKED MUCH OF ANYTHING SINCE THE PLAGUE HIT. WHY SHOULD TODAY BE DIFFERENT?
YEAH, WE'LL WAIT FOR YOU T'CALL BACK. BUT THE DOC SAYS IF WE DON'T HEAR BACK IN ANOTHER--
FIFTEEN MINUTES.
--IN ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES, WE'RE HEADIN' IN.
OKAY. AN' FREDDY-- BE CAREFUL, DUDE.
ALL RIGHT, THEN: LET'S GRAB OUR WEAPONS AND CLIMB INTO THAT... GAG...SEWER.
BUT WE JUST TOLD FRED THAT WE'RE WAITIN' FIFTEEN MINUTES.
THAT WAS JUST TO SHUT DAPHNE UP.
GOOD THINKIN', DOC. GOOD THINKIN'. OKAY THEN--

"--LET'S GO SHOPPIN'!"
CJNickel
CJN
MEARS
MAYBE FRED'S RIGHT. MAYBE WE *SHOULD* GET OUT OF HERE. BUT, REALLY...
...WHERE IS THERE TO GO?
MUCH AS I HATE TO ADMIT IT, VELMA'S PLAN IS OUR BEST OPTION. AT LEAST IF WE PUT DOWN ROOTS HERE, FORTIFY THE MALL, WE CAN HAVE A PROTECTED BASE OF OPERATIONS.
SOMEPLACE SECURE TO RETURN TO AFTER WE'VE GONE OUT HUNTING FOR OTHERS LIKE US.
WHO KNOWS? MAYBE ONE DAY THIS WHOLE PLACE WILL BE FILLED WITH SURVIVORS. THE FIRST SEEDS OF A REBORN HUMAN RACE.
BUT IN ORDER TO DO THAT WE'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THE MALL IS CLEAR. AND IN ORDER TO DO *THAT*...
...WE'VE GOT TO BE SURE BOTH OF THESE ARMIES REALLY *HAVE* BEEN WIPED OUT.

AH, WHO AM I KIDDING? VELMA MAY BE A GENIUS, BUT HER PLAN IS IDIOTIC. AND SO ARE MY DREAMS OF A MAGICALLY RESURRECTED HUMAN RACE.
CHANCES ARE WE'RE ALL GOING TO DIE--IF NOT TODAY, THEN SOON.
GIVEN WHAT WE'VE FACED SINCE THE PLAGUE BROKE OUT, IT'S A MIRACLE WE'VE HELD OUT *THIS* LONG.
BUT HAVING PLANS (HOWEVER STUPID), HAVING DREAMS (HOWEVER NAIVE)...
...AT LEAST GIVES US SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.
AND MAYBE THAT'S WHAT THOSE CREATURES WERE LOOKING FOR WITH THEIR WAR. I GUESS EVEN MINDLESS MONSTERS NEED A SENSE OF PURPOSE.
I MEAN, LOOK AT THIS STORE. THEY'VE TURNED IT INTO A KIND OF A FORTRESS, EXACTLY WHAT *WE'RE* PLANNING TO DO.
SO MAYBE WE'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT AFTER--
CJNickel
SHHHHHPPPP SHHHHHPPPP SHHHHHPPPP
WHAT THE HELL IS THAT? SOUNDS LIKE SOME KIND OF GUTTURAL CHANTING.
WHICH MEANS THEY'RE NOT ALL DEAD.
SHHHHHPPPP SHHHHHPPPP SHHHHHPPPP
AND WE'RE NOT ALONE IN HERE.
I'VE GOTTA WARN FRED!
SHHHHHPPPP SHHHHHPPPP SHHHHHPPPP

SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
WHAT *IS* THAT?
SOUNDS LIKE IT'S COMING FROM "MEARS" AND--
FRED!
C'MON! WE'VE GOTTA GO!
NOW!
BUT YOU WERE THE ONE WHO WANTED TO STAY! WHY ARE--
STOP ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS--
--AND RUN!
SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
WAIT. ARE THEY CHANTING THE WORD-- "SHOP"?
WHAT THEY'RE CHANTING ISN'T IMPORTANT--
--THE FACT THAT THERE'S A "THEY" *IS!*
BUT IF WE'RE NOT ALONE HERE, THEN SHAGGY, VELMA AND SCOOBY ARE WALKING RIGHT INTO--
SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
SHHHHHPPPP
THEY SHOULDN'T BE WALKING INTO ANYTHING!
I ORDERED THEM TO STAY OUTSIDE!
THEY SAID THEY'D ONLY WAIT FIFTEEN MINUTES AND THEN COME AFTER US!
WELL, IT'S ONLY BEEN ABOUT TEN MINUTES, SO WE SHOULD HAVE A LITTLE TIME BEFORE--
CHANTING'S GETTING CLOSER!
THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY!
SHHHP
SHHHP
SHHHP
THEY'RE NOT ON THEIR *WAY,* DAPH--

THEY'RE HERE!
SHOP!
MEARS
MEARS
SHOP!
SHOP!
SHOP TILL YOU DROP!
CJN
SHOP!
SHOP!
CJNickel
CJNickel
SHOP!
SHOP TILL YOU DROP!
CJNick

SHOP! SHOP! SHOP! SHOP TILL YOU DROP!
SHOP! SHOP! SHOP! SHOP TILL YOU DROP!
SAP
WOW. IT'S LIKE THE WORST BLACK FRIDAY SALE *EVER!*
THAT'S NOT FUNNY!
I THOUGHT IT WAS MILDLY AMUSING.
IT'S NOT GONNA BE SO AMUSING WHEN WE ALL GET SLAUGHTERED!
NOW, C'MON-- WE'VE GOTTA HEAD VELMA OFF BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

REALLY? YOU DON'T THINK IT'S *ALREADY* TOO LATE?
LONG AS YOU'RE BY MY SIDE, FREDDY, I KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS HOPE.
AND, NO, THAT WAS *NOT* AN INVITATION FOR YOU TO PROPOSE!
NTENANCE
HEY, I WASN'T GONNA PROPOSE--
--TILL WE GOT OUTSIDE.
"DO YOU SEE THEM?"
NOT YET! BUT IT SOUNDS LIKE THERE'S FIGHTIN' GOIN' ON UP AHEAD! LOTS OF IT!
THEY'RE IN TROUBLE!
NOT TO WORRY, DOC! WE'LL GET 'EM OUT!
I ACTUALLY FIND WORRYING RATHER CONSTRUCTIVE.
IT PROVIDES ME WITH A SENSE OF CONTROL IN SITUATIONS THAT WOULD OTHERWISE SEEM OVERWHELMING.
SO YOUR MOTTO IS *"WORRY,* BE HAPPY"...?
I SUPPOSE IT IS.
DOESN'T EXACTLY CORRESPOND WITH MY VIEW O' THE UNIVERSE, BUT--
SWOKK
MOVE! MOVE!
SHLMOMMP
VELMA?!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?
RESCUING YOU!
WELL, YOU'RE DOING A ROTTEN JOB OF IT!
YOU'RE WELCOME.
FREDDY-- QUICK!

"SHUT THAT DOOR!"
...I DUNNO, SCOOB. MAYBE WE SHOULDA GONE, TOO.
WHY DOES EVERYONE THINK I NEED PROTECTING?
ROTECT YOU.
I WAS SURVIVIN' ON MY OWN BEFORE I EVER MET UP WITH YOU GUYS.
I KNOW HOW T'FIGHT THOSE THINGS.
I'M SURE YOU THINK YOU DO.
BUT YOU'RE STILL JUST A LITTLE BOY, CLIFFY. AND YOU'RE JUST GOING TO HAVE TO GET USED TO US WATCHING OVER YOU.
AND WHO'S GONNA WATCH OVER *YOU?*
WHAT?
MY MOM 'N' DAD...*THEY* WANTED T'PROTECT ME. AND THEY COULDN'T. THEY DIED, DAISY.
THEY DIED AND I LIVED.
SO MAYBE *I* SHOULD BE THE ONE PROTECTING *YOU.*
IN A WAY...YOU ALREADY ARE.
JUST HAVING YOU AROUND... GIVES ME HOPE FOR THE FUTURE. KEEPS ME STEADY. AND SANE.
SO WHAT DO YOU SAY WE PROTECT EACH OTHER? LIKE FAMILY.
YOU AN' ME? FAMILY?
ALL OF US.
WELL, I HOPE THE REST OF OUR FAMILY GETS BACK HERE BEFORE--
HEY!
WHAT?
DID YOU HEAR THAT? SOUNDED LIKE SOMETHIN' MOVING DOWN THERE. LISTEN! IT'S--
HMM. IT STOPPED.

"I MUST'VE IMAGINED IT."
PLOOSH
PLOOSH
PLOOSH
"YOU BROKE MY NOSE!"

IT'S NOT BROKEN.
CRACKED, MAYBE, BUT NOT BROKEN.
YOU COULD AT LEAST APOLOGIZE.
FOR WHAT?
SLAMMIN' THAT DOOR INTO MY FACE!
A) WE WERE RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES. B) WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THERE.
AND C) YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN THERE AT ALL IF YOU'D FOLLOWED MY ORDERS!
YOU'RE NOT THE BOSS OF ME!
OH, WELL, *THAT'S* MATURE!
CAN WE STOP THIS PLEASE--
--AND FOCUS ON THE PROBLEM AT HAND?
YOU MEAN THE FACT THAT THERE ARE TWO MONSTER ARMIES OUT THERE--
--THAT SEEM TO BE FIGHTING OVER WHICH DEPARTMENT STORE HAS THE LOWEST PRICES?
I SUSPECT THAT THEY WERE TRANSFORMED BY THE NANITES WHILE THEY WERE SHOPPING HERE--
--AND THAT SOME DIM MEMORY OF THEIR CONSUMERIST BEHAVIOR LIVES ON IN THIS LUDICROUS, YET DEADLY, CONFLICT.
I DON'T CARE WHAT CAUSED IT. LET'S JUST CLEAR OUT BEFORE--
"CLEAR OUT"? NO. WHAT WE SHOULD DO--IS *STAY.*
"STAY"? HOW HARD DID YOU HIT YOUR HEAD WHEN I RAN INTO YOU?
THE HENRY HUDSON MALL MAY BE THE PERFECT PLACE FOR US TO ESTABLISH OUR ENCAMPMENT.
WE CLEARLY HAVE VERY DIFFERENT DEFINITIONS OF "PERFECT."
HEAR ME OUT.
FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, THESE TWO ARMIES ARE INTENT UPON SLAUGHTERING EACH OTHER.
YEAH. SO?
WHAT IF WE COULD USE THEIR WAR TO OUR ADVANTAGE?
THERE *IS* NO ADVANTAGE HERE!
OH, DAPHNE--YOU NEED TO EXPAND YOUR VISION. SEE THE BIGGER PICTURE.
MALL

DO YOU THINK YOU COULD BE JUST A *LITTLE* MORE CONDESCENDING?
I'M NOT TRYING TO CONDESCEND. I'M TRYING TO EXPLAIN.
GIVE HER A CHANCE, DAPH.
FINE. EXPLAIN AWAY.
THE CREATURES OUTSIDE ARE AFRAID TO ENTER THE MALL--
--NO DOUBT BECAUSE OF THE SAVAGE CONFLICT RAGING WITHIN.
THAT PROVIDES US WITH THE SAFE HAVEN WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR.
HOW ARE WE SAFE WITH "MEARS" AND "NICKEL" OUT THERE, TEARING EACH OTHER APART?
OPERATIVE WORDS: "EACH OTHER."
BASED ON WHAT YOU'VE WITNESSED SO FAR, THEY SEEM TO CLUSTER IN THEIR RESPECTIVE STORES, ONLY EMERGING TO FIGHT IN THE MAIN COURTYARD.
AS LONG AS WE STEER CLEAR OF THEM, WE'VE GOT A VAST SPACE TO WORK WITH AS WE TRANSFORM THIS PLACE INTO A FORTRESS...
WELL, THERE ARE CERTAINLY PLENTY OF SUPPLIES HERE.
YOU'RE NOT BUYING THIS, ARE YOU?
"THINK ABOUT IT. THOSE TWO ARMIES WILL EVENTUALLY KILL EACH OTHER OFF.
"BUT THE CREATURES OUTSIDE WON'T KNOW IT, SO THEY'LL STAY AWAY. AT LEAST FOR A WHILE.
"GIVING US TIME TO SECURE THE MALL AND BUILD UP OUR FORTIFICATIONS."
HENRY HUDSON MALL
GREAT. NOW YOU'RE *BOTH* TALKING LIKE ESCAPED LUNATICS.
WE'VE ALL BEEN LOST FOR A LONG TIME. VICTIMS OF FATE INSTEAD OF MASTERS OF OUR OWN DESTINY.
WE NEED FOCUS. PURPOSE. WE'VE NEEDED IT FOR A LONG TIME.
AND THIS MALL JUST MIGHT PROVIDE IT.
YEAH. OR IT *COULD* TURN OUT T'BE A MASSIVE TOMB--
--THAT WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM.

SO...*AH*... WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I SAY THIS IS THE DUMBEST, MOST RECKLESS THING WE HAVE EVER DONE.
BUT YOU'RE *IN?*
BOP
MALL
I'M *IN.*
WH-WHAT WAS *THAT* FOR?
FOR THE SHEER *FUN* OF IT.
NOW LET'S GO TOPSIDE, FIND THE OTHERS--
--AND GET OUR ASSES IN GEAR!
ISN'T SHE JUST DELIGHTFUL?
OH, *SHUT UP!*

THE EASTERN EUROPEAN NATION OF *GRANBOVIA*...
IF I MAY INTERRUPT, MONSIEUR.
NO, *ERNST*--YOU MAY *NOT* INTERRUPT. I AM ENJOYING MY EVENING COCKTAIL AND REQUIRE SOLITUDE--
--SO THAT I MAY FULLY CONTEMPLATE MY DAY.
I AM AFRAID, MONSIEUR, THAT YOUR DAY IS NOT YET OVER.
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
YOU HAVE A VISITOR.
WHOEVER IT IS, SEND THEM AWAY AND TELL THEM TO COME BACK TOMORROW.
TOMORROW--
--MAY BE TOO LATE.
WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?
CALL ME... *ISHMAEL.*
I HAVE BEEN SENT BY *THE COMMITTEE* TO REVIEW YOUR PROGRESS--OR SHOULD I SAY LACK OF SAME--
--REGARDING THE ASSASSINATION OF *AGENT OOO.*
REVIEW MY PROGRESS? I AM NOT SOME SCHOOLBOY SUBMITTING HIS HOMEWORK FOR YOUR APPROVAL!
NO, YOU ARE NOT. YOU ARE LE LOUP ASTUCIEUX. *THE WILY WOLF.*
WELL, IT'S NOT AN EXACT TRANSLATION, BUT IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH.
THAT IS NOT THE POINT. YOU ARE...ALLEGEDLY... THE WORLD'S MOST SKILLED PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN--
--AND WE HAVE PAID YOU A CONSIDERABLE SUM TO ELIMINATE THE TARGET.
AND HE WILL *BE* ELIMINATED. AS YOU KNOW, MY *KILLICOPTER* LEFT OOO NEAR DEATH. AND MY *SLAUGHTERATONS* ALMOST--
"ALMOST" DOESN'T DO US ANY GOOD, MR. WOLF. AS FOR THE KILLICOPTER AND SLAUGHTERATONS--
--THE CONSTRUCTION OF WHICH THE COMMITTEE FULLY FUNDED--
--WELL, THEY WERE LEFT IN RUINS--WHILE OOO SEEMS TO HAVE FULLY RECOVERED.
YOUR POINT, ISHMAEL?
MY POINT IS--YOU HAVE FAILED.
YOU, SIR, ARE INCORRECT. I HAVE SUCCEEDED BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS.
AND HOW IS THAT?

ANY IDIOT CAN KILL. BUT THE WOLF HUNTS. TOYS WITH HIS PREY. KEEPS HIM LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER. BUILDS UP HIS FEAR UNTIL IT BECOMES BLIND TERROR.
AND THEN--AND ONLY THEN--DOES THE WOLF STRIKE.
THE KILLICOPTER...THE SLAUGHTERATONS... THESE WERE ALL PART OF A CAREFULLY CONSIDERED PLAN.
ALL WELL AND GOOD.
BUT THE *BRAINWAVE PROJECT* HAS BEEN AN EXPENSIVE ONE SO FAR--AND YOUR "CAREFULLY CONSIDERED PLAN" HAS PUT AN ADDITIONAL BURDEN ON THE COMMITTEE'S FINANCES.
FEIN, FINGEROTH & HOOPLEMACHER
Accountants
Invoice for assassination attempts
• 1 Killicopter: $5,400,000.00
• 3 Slaughteratons: $9,750,000.00
• 4 Weapons of Mass Destruction: $4,350,000.00
SHOULD AGENT 000 ESCAPE YOU YET AGAIN--YOU WILL REPAY THIS EXTRAVAGANT SUM IN FULL.
I ASSURE YOU, THAT WILL NOT HAPPEN. THE VERY FACT THAT YOU MENTION IT OFFENDS ME.
IT IS NOT THE COMMITTEE'S INTENTION TO OFFEND. WE SIMPLY WISH TO SEE THE FRUITS OF OUR INVESTMENT.
AND YOU WILL.
WHEN?
SOON.
I'M AFRAID THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH.
ARE YOU THREATENING ME, ISHMAEL? ARE YOU AWARE--
THAT YOU COULD EXECUTE ME IN A MATTER OF SECONDS? PUT A BULLET THROUGH MY BRAIN...SLICE MY THROAT--
--BEFORE I COULD EVEN *THINK* TO RAISE A HAND IN MY OWN DEFENSE?
WE ARE WELL AWARE OF YOUR SKILLS, MR. WOLF. THAT, OF COURSE, IS WHY WE HIRED YOU.
WE SIMPLY THINK IT'S TIME YOU STOPPED EMPLOYING UNDERLINGS TO STALK AND UNNERVE YOUR PREY--
AND MOVED IN FOR THE KILL MYSELF?
PRECISELY.
AND THAT IS WHAT I WILL DO... TOMORROW. AS FOR TONIGHT--
--I INTEND TO DRINK MYSELF INTO QUASI-OBLIVION WHILE LISTENING TO ORSON WELLES' STIRRING 1937 RADIO PRODUCTION OF *LES MISERABLES.*
AS FOR YOU, SIR, I EXPECT YOU TO LEAVE MY HOUSE. NOW.

"BEFORE I GUT YOU LIKE THE PIG YOU ARE."
WELL, *THAT'S* DISGUSTING.
TOP OF HIS HEAD SHEARED OFF. BRAIN SURGICALLY REMOVED. YEAH, I'D CALL THAT DISGUSTING.
HOW MANY DOES THIS MAKE?
FOUR SCIENTISTS IN THE U.S.--ANOTHER NINE ACROSS THE WORLD.
BUT HOW DID ANYONE GET IN? DOORS AND WINDOWS WERE LOCKED. THERE'S NO SIGN OF FORCED ENTRY.
WELL, I DON'T THINK THIS GUY DID IT TO HIMSELF.
"THIS GUY" WAS ***DR. EDGAR V. PLANK.*** THE WORLD'S FOREMOST AUTHORITY ON QUANTUM PHYSICS.
SO?
SO? FROM WHAT I'VE READ, STEPHEN HAWKING IS A MORON COMPARED TO PLANK.
OKAY, SO HE'S SMART.
"SMART" IS TOO SMALL A WORD.
FINE-- BUT WHAT'S THE POINT OF SOMEONE REMOVING PLANK'S BRAIN?
THAT'S FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO FIGURE OUT.
YOU ABOUT DONE IN HERE? FORENSICS IS GETTING ANTSY.
YEAH. WHILE *WE'RE* LEFT HERE TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS.
THEY'RE NOT GONNA FIND ANYTHING. THIS PLACE IS CLEAN.
CUTTING OUT PEOPLE'S BRAINS? IT'S JUST...WEIRD.
SURE IS. THIS WHOLE CASE GIVES ME THE WILLIES.
"THE WILLIES"? REALLY?
WHAT?
IT'S 2018. NOBODY TALKS LIKE THAT.
I DO!

NOW GO GET THE FORENSICS TEAM AND LEAVE THE CRITIQUES OF MY VERNACULAR FOR ANOTHER--
BREEEP
THAT MUST BE *DOUBLE-Q.*
HE'S NOT GONNA BE IN A GOOD MOOD.
LIKE HE'S NORMALLY GOT A SUNNY DISPOSITION?
OKAY, BUT SINCE THIS CASE BROKE, IT'S EVEN WORSE.
HELLO, CHIEF.
UH-HUH. SAME AS THE OTHERS.
OF *COURSE* WE SEALED OFF THE AREA.
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR, THERE'S NO NEED TO YELL.
I.S.S. HEADQUARTERS...
YOU'RE RIGHT, *MULLY:* I APOLOGIZE. AND YOU'D BETTER ENJOY IT, BECAUSE IT'S NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN AGAIN.
SIGH I'VE GOT HALF THE INTELLIGENCE AGENCIES IN TOWN BREATHING DOWN MY NECK. THE PRESIDENT'S CALLING ME EVERY HALF AN HOUR, AFRAID SOMEONE'S GOING TO STEAL *HIS* BRAIN.
THIS CASE HAS GOT EVERYONE SPOOKED. TRUTH TO TELL, IT'S GIVING ME THE WILLIES, TOO.
YES, I SAID "WILLIES." WHAT ABOUT IT?
AGENT SCULDER SAID WHAT?
WELL, I'LL BE HAPPY TO DISCUSS IT WITH HER WHEN YOUR TEAM GETS BACK TO LANGLEY.
NO, THERE'S NOTHING MORE YOU CAN DO. THIS IS ALL IN AGENT OOO'S HANDS.
YES, I KNOW THEY'RE VERY SMALL HANDS. AND, NO, I DON'T FIND THAT AMUSING. NOW GET YOUR BUTTS BACK HERE BEFORE--
WHAT? YES, I FIRMLY BELIEVE THAT OOO, *AGENT BEA* AND THE *MOLE* CAN GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS.
THEY ARE, AFTER ALL--

"--OUR BEST AND BRIGHTEST."
COINS ONLY
CHLNK CHLNK CHLNK
COINS ONLY
KLANK KLANK LANK
COINS ONLY
CHLNK KLANNK CHLNK
I TOLD YOU TO GET *E-ZPASS.*
OH, *SHUT UP.*
SECRET SQUIRREL!
in "TOLLBOOTH TERROR!"
Giffen & DeMatteis writers
Colleen Doran artist
Hi-Fi colors
Travis Lanham letters
Diego Lopez asst. editor
Harvey Richards editor Marie Javins trained assassin

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE
THE HENRY HUDSON MALL. ALBANY, NEW YORK.
...GROWN-UPS CAN SURE BE DUMB SOMETIMES.
RUH-*HUH.*
I MEAN, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT WE'RE ACTUALLY GONNA STAY IN THIS MALL--
--WHEN THE WHOLE PLACE IS CRAWLIN' WITH BEASTIES?
*NUH-*UH.
A DOG AND HIS BOY!
KEITH GIFFEN, J.M. DEMATTEIS & RON WAGNER: UNDISPUTED MASTERS OF SEQUENTIAL STORYTELLING*
ANDY OWENS: INKS HI-FI: COLORS TRAVIS LANHAM: LETTERS
LIZ ERICKSON: ASSISTANT EDITOR HARVEY RICHARDS: EDITOR
JIM CHADWICK: HAS NO IDEA HOW JAVINS CONNED HIM INTO WORKING WITH GIFFEN & DEMATTEIS AGAIN
*ALSO DELUSIONAL.

ROO DAYS.
WHAT'S THAT, *SCOOBY?*
ROO DAYS. RILL ALIVE.
YEAH, WE'RE STILL ALIVE AFTER TWO DAYS IN THIS PLACE, BUT THAT'S JUST LUCK.
WHAT HAPPENS WHEN OUR LUCK RUNS OUT?
YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO BE WORRYING SO MUCH, *CLIFFY.*
MY PARENTS AND MY SISTER WERE EATEN BY MUTATED MONSTERS, *FRED,* AND WE'VE ALL BEEN RUNNING FOR OUR LIVES FOR OVER A YEAR NOW.
I FIGURE THAT MEANS I CAN WORRY ALL I LIKE.
GOOD POINT.
LOOK, I THOUGHT *VELMA'S* IDEA ABOUT TURNING THIS PLACE INTO OUR OWN PERSONAL FORTRESS WAS NUTS, TOO, AT FIRST.
I MEAN, WE'VE GOT TWO CAMPS OF CREATURES--ONE HOLED UP IN *CJNICKEL* AND ONE HOLED UP IN *MEARS*--INVOLVED IN SOME KIND OF WEIRD SHOPPING WAR.
BUT ONCE *VELMA* CAUGHT ON TO THE PATTERN OF THEIR BATTLES--THE FACT THAT THEY ONLY COME OUT TO FIGHT TWICE A DAY, AT SET TIMES--
--WELL, THAT CHANGED THINGS. WE'VE GOT ROOM TO WORK AROUND THEM NOW. AND WE KNOW WHEN TO GET OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE.
STILL SOUNDS CRAZY T'ME.
OH, IT'S *TOTALLY INSANE.* NO DOUBT ABOUT IT.
BUT, AS YOU SAID, WE'VE BEEN ON THE RUN FOR OVER A YEAR. AND THERE COMES A TIME WHEN WE'VE GOTTA STOP BEING HELPLESS VICTIMS--
--AND TAKE A STAND.
AND WHO KNOWS? MAYBE VELMA'S PLAN'LL WORK.
MAYBE THOSE TWO ARMIES'LL KILL EACH OTHER OFF AND WE'LL BE THE ONLY ONES LEFT.
AN' WHAT IF DR. DINKLEY'S WRONG?
THEN I GUESS WE START RUNNING AGAIN.
IF WE SURVIVE.
DON'T SWEAT IT, KID. AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT *DAPHNE*--
--WE'RE GONNA STAY ALIVE.
SEE WHAT I MEAN, SCOOB? DUMB!
RUH-*HUH.*
YOU SAY SOMETHING?

ME? I DIDN'T SAY A WORD!
OKAY, THEN--YOU AND SCOOBY-DOO STAY PUT.
THE MALL MONSTERS NEVER COME UP TO THIS LEVEL, SO YOU'LL BE SAFE HERE.
BUT *DO NOT MOVE* FROM THIS SPOT UNLESS ONE OF US COMES TO GET YOU.
OH--AND CLIFFY...?
YEAH?
MAYBE SHAGGY AND I AREN'T ALWAYS THE BRIGHTEST BULBS IN THE CHANDELIER...I MEAN, YOU WANNA CALL *US* DUMB, THAT'S FINE--
--BUT VELMA AND DAPHNE ARE TWO OF THE SMARTEST PEOPLE I'VE EVER KNOWN--
--SO TRY TO HAVE A LITTLE FAITH IN *THEM.*
BUT I DIDN'T *REALLY* MEAN THAT YOU WERE--
NO WORRIES, CLIFF.
YOU TWO STAY SAFE, OKAY?
ROKAY.
YEAH. SURE. SEE YA LATER, FRED.
GEEZ, SCOOB, D'YOU THINK I HURT HIS FEELINGS?
NUH-UH.
I HOPE NOT. I REALLY LIKE FRED. HE'S A GREAT GUY. Y'KNOW, SOMETIMES--
--AND YOU CAN'T TELL *ANYBODY* I SAID THIS--
--SOMETIMES I IMAGINE THAT FRED'S MY DAD AN' DAISY'S MY MOM--
--AND WE'RE ALL LIVING IN A NICE HOUSE IN A NICE TOWN SOMEWHERE FAR AWAY FROM PLAGUES AND MONSTERS.
NOW THAT'S *SUPER* DUMB, *HUH?*
RUH-UH. SWEET.
YEAH. YEAH. I GUESS IT IS SWEET. AN' Y'KNOW, I'VE SEEN THE WAY FRED AND DAISY LOOK AT EACH OTHER SOMETIMES. SO YOU NEVER KNOW--
--MAYBE IT'LL COME TRUE ONE DAY.
GRRRRR
"WELL, THE MORNING COMBAT'S OVER."

WHAT TIPPED YOU OFF, *SHAGGY?* THE MOUNDS OF DEAD BODIES?
YEAH, *DAISY.* AN' THE STINK OF ROTTIN' MONSTER CARCASSES.
IF WE'RE GONNA MAKE THE HUDSON OUR HQ, WE'RE GONNA HAVE T'DO SOME *SERIOUS* FUMIGATIN'!
PLEASE SPARE US YOUR FUTILE ATTEMPTS AT WITTY REPARTEE.
I'M NOT JOKIN', DOC! THIS WHOLE JOINT STINKS LIKE MY BROTHER-IN-LAW *WILFRED* AFTER HE'D BEEN ON ONE OF HIS WEEK-LONG BENDERS!
JUST BE GRATEFUL THAT IT'S NOT *OUR* BODIES DOWN THERE DECOMPOSING.
NOW PLEASE STOP YOUR YAMMERING AND GET BACK TO WORK FORTIFYING THE MALL.
THE NEXT ENGAGEMENT WILL BE AT FOUR O'CLOCK THIS AFTERNOON AND WE'VE GOT TO MAKE EVERY FREE MINUTE COUNT.
IF YOUR SCHEDULE HOLDS.
IT'S HELD SO FAR.
YOU'RE LOOKING FOR LOGICAL PATTERNS, *VELMA--*
NATURALLY: I'M A SCIENTIST, *DAPHNE.* THAT'S WHAT I DO.
BUT THESE CREATURES AREN'T LOGICAL. JUST BECAUSE THEY'VE ADHERED TO YOUR PATTERN FOR A FEW DAYS--

--DOESN'T MEAN THEY'LL CONTINUE TO DO IT.
JUST WHAT I WAS THINKIN'--
--SO WHY DON'T WE JUST GO IN T' MEARS AN' NICKEL AN' FINISH THEM OFF?
AREN'T YOU THE NONVIOLENT ONE WHO'S ALWAYS REMINDING US THAT THESE BEASTS WERE ONCE HUMANS JUST LIKE US?
YEAH. AN' I THINK IT'D BE MORE MERCIFUL IF WE TOOK 'EM OUT ALL AT ONCE--
--INSTEAD OF LETTIN' 'EM DESTROY EACH OTHER SLOWLY, DAY AFTER MISERABLE DAY.
KIRA'S
IF WE WIPE THEM ALL OUT, THEN WHAT'S TO STOP THE CREATURES OUTSIDE FROM COMING IN?
THE ONLY REASON THEY HAVEN'T INVADED THE MALL IS BECAUSE THEY'RE TERRIFIED OF THE *CONSUMERITES.*
"CONSUMERITES"? YOU'VE GIVEN THEM A NAME?
AN APPROPRIATE ONE, I THINK.
THERE MIGHT BE ONE OTHER COURSE OF ACTION.
WHAT'S THAT, SHAG?
TRY T'COMMUNICATE WITH 'EM.
TRY TO *WHAT?*
SHAGGY HAS A THEORY: HE THINKS THERE'S A POSSIBILITY THE CREATURES ARE INTELLIGENT.
VICKEY'S S
AND WHAT EVIDENCE DOES HE BASE THIS BRILLIANT THEORY ON?
ON THE FACT THAT THEY'VE ALL GOT *NAME TAGS* ON!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, VELMA?
THE FACT THAT SOME OF THEM HAVE SCRAWLED *MEARS* ON THEIR CHESTS AND SOME HAVE WRITTEN *CUNICKEL COULD* INDICATE A RUDIMENTARY INTELLIGENCE--
--BUT IT'S FAR MORE LIKELY THAT IT'S NOTHING MORE THAN A VESTIGIAL PRE-PLAGUE MEMORY LINGERING IN THEIR UNCONSCIOUS MINDS.
IN ANY CASE, THESE ARE VICIOUS, BLOODTHIRSTY OPPONENTS THAT CAN'T BE TRUSTED.
AGREED. WHICH IS WHY I'M GETTING BACK TO WORK RIGGING THE ESCALATORS.
THEY'VE STAYED TO THE MAIN FLOOR TILL NOW--BUT IF THEY DECIDE TO COME UP AFTER US, WE'VE GOT TO BE READY.
ARE YOU SURE IT WILL WORK?
HARD TO BE SURE WHEN I'M WORKING WITH SCAVENGED ELECTRONICS--BUT, YES, I BELIEVE IT WILL.
THOSE THINGS TRY TO GET UP HERE AND MY EXPLOSIVES WILL TEAR THEM TO PIECES.
SO, LIKE, HOW DID *YOU* BECOME SUCH AN EXPERT ON MAKIN' BOMBS?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, I HAD A LIFE BEFORE I MET RUFUS.
WORKIN' FOR AL-QAEDA?
I WAS A CHEMIST, SHAGGY. A DAMN GOOD ONE, TOO. HAD ADVANCED DEGREES IN BIOCHEMISTRY AND ENVIRONMENTAL CHEMISTRY...AMONG OTHERS.
I WAS TEACHING AT NYU WHEN RUFUS RECRUITED ME TO WORK IN ONE OF DINK, INC.'S RESEARCH FACILITIES.
SO *YOU'RE* A GENIUS, TOO?
HARDLY. AND ONCE RUFUS AND I GOT TOGETHER HE CONVINCED ME TO GIVE UP MY CAREER AND JUST BE--
HIS TROPHY WIFE?
NOT NICE, VELM!
BUT IT'S TRUE. RUFUS WAS CHARISMATIC. STRONG-WILLED. MANIPULATIVE. FIRST HE CHARMED ME--
--AND THEN... HE BROKE ME. BEFORE I KNEW IT, I'D LOST MY CENTER. MY VERY SELF. AND I BECAME--
A WEAK, SUBMISSIVE SYCOPHANT?
NOT! NICE!
WHY'S SHAGGY YELLING?
NO IDEA. HOW'S CLIFFORD?
WAIT. YOU CAN'T JUST INSULT DAISY LIKE THAT AND CHANGE THE SUBJECT LIKE NOTHING'S HAPPENED.
WHY NOT? YOU DO IT TO ME ALL THE TIME.
CLIFFY'S FINE. HE AND SCOOBY-DOO HAVE *REALLY* BONDED.
THEY'RE QUITE THE PAIR.
JUST LIKE YOU AND DAISY.
WHAT'D YOU SAY, SHAGSTER?
I SAID WE'D BETTER GET OUR BUTTS IN GEAR AND FINISH SETTIN' UP THE PERIMETER.
YOU OKAY, BUDDY?
OKAY, FRED?
I HAVEN'T BEEN OKAY SINCE THE DAY THE *NANITE PLAGUE* HIT.
"I'M TIRED OF BEING TREATED LIKE A KID ALL THE TIME."

"STAY HERE, CLIFFY." "DON'T GO IN THERE, CLIFFY." "BE CAREFUL, CLIFFY."
I WAS SURVIVING ON MY OWN BEFORE I MET ANY OF THEM.
RARE ABOUT YOU.
MALL
YEAH, I KNOW THEY CARE ABOUT ME--AND I CARE ABOUT THEM, TOO--
--BUT I CAN HELP THEM IF THEY'D ONLY LET ME. AND YOU CAN, TOO!
RANGEROUS.
OF COURSE IT'S DANGEROUS, SCOOB. BUT WHY SHOULD DAISY AN' FRED AN' THE OTHERS TAKE ALL THE RISKS?
YOU CAN STAY HERE IF YOU WANT, BUT I'M GOIN' OUT THERE AND--
ROOBY-DOO STAYS WITH YOU!
YEAH? OKAY, THEN, LET'S--
GROWWRRR
RUH-ROH!
GET OUTTA HERE, SCOOBY! FIND A PLACE TO HIDE BEFORE--
LITTTTLE
FLESSSSHH
THHHHHINGS!

WAIT A MINUTE! DID THAT MONSTER JUST SAY SOMETHING?
RUH-HUH!
THEN MAYBE HE'S LIKE CARRIE!
MAYBE HE JUST NEEDS A FRIEND. I BET IF WE TALK TO HIM, WE CAN--
ROTECT YOU!
NO! WE CAN'T KEEP FIGHTING ALL THE TIME!
H-HI. I'M CLIFFY-- AND THIS IS SCOOBY-DOO. W-WE'RE NOT GONNA HURT YOU. WE WANNA BE PALS. WE--
EAT YOU BOTH!
WE'RE GONNA BE MONSTER LUNCH!
NO!
SCOOBY-- DON'T! HE'S TOO BIG! HE'LL TEAR YOU APART!
GRAAARR!
RUN, RIFFY! RUN!

SCOOBY-DOO!
SWAMM
YOU MAY BE ABLE TO TALK, BUT YOU'RE NOT LIKE CARRIE! YOU'RE LIKE THE MONSTERS THAT MURDERED MY MOM AN' DAD! MY SISTER!
WELL, I'M NOT LETTING IT HAPPEN *AGAIN!* I'M NOT LETTING YOU HURT MY BEST--
--FRIEND...?!
SHHHUTT UP, PAAALE LITTLLLE THHINNG!
SHHHUT UP--
--AND DIIIE!
KRRONK

OUTTT OF MY WAAAYY.
RUH-UH!
EAT THE PAAALE LITTLLLE THHHING! AND THEN EAT--
--YYYOU!
RIFFY'S MY *FRIEND!*
RIFFY'S MY *BOY!*
ROT GONNA HURT *HIM!*
ROT GONNA HURT--
SHRIP!
AROOOOOO!!
--ANYBODY!

...UNGHHH...
SNAPPT
KRAKK
SHRIPP
SCOOBY'S PUTTIN' UP A GOOD FIGHT--
--BUT HE'S NOT GONNA LAST VERY LONG--
SHRIPP
KRAKK
SNAPPT
SPATTT
--UNLESS I DO SOMETHING!
WHERE? WHERE? WHERE? WHERE?
THERE!

K-CHOMMP
RARRRR!!!
SSNAPP YYOURR NECKK!
SSSSUCK ONN YYOURR BONESSS!
SUCK ON THIS--
--YOU SON OF A BITCH!
SHOKK

WHUD
I...I *LOVE* YOU, SCOOBY-DOO.
ROVE *YOU*, RIFFY.
"I'LL SAY THIS FOR THOSE BEASTIES--"

"--THEY'RE CERTAINLY DETERMINED."
"KEEP YOUR VOICE DOWN, FRED."
"I'M *WHISPERING*, VELMA. THEY CAN'T HEAR ME."
"YOU DON'T KNOW THAT, SO PLEASE RESTRAIN YOURSELF."
"WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH YOU TODAY?"
"NOTHING!"
"NOTHING? YOU WERE INCREDIBLY RUDE TO DAISY AND--"
"AND OF COURSE *YOU'RE* THE ONE DEFENDIN' HER!"
"WHAT'D YOU SAY, SHAGGY?"
"NOTHIN'."
"YOU'VE BEEN DOING THAT A LOT LATELY."
"WHAT?"
"MUTTERING UNDER YOUR BREATH AND THEN PRETENDING YOU HAVEN'T SAID ANYTHING."
K DREW
CJNickel
EAR
KYLE
MEARS

FREDDY'S RIGHT. YOU TWO HAVE BEEN ACTING STRANGE...WELL, STRANGER THAN *USUAL*...AND--
YOU KEEP OUT OF THIS, BLAKE, BEFORE I--
BEFORE YOU *WHAT*, DINKLEY?
SPENCERS PLUS SIZE
LOOK, IF THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG, VELMA, JUST TELL US.
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG, FRED! NOW JUST LEAVE ME ALONE AND *SHUT UP*--
--BEFORE THOSE CREATURES DOWN THERE HEAR YOU AND DECIDE THEY'D RATHER FIGHT US THAN EACH OTHER!
FINE!
SUITS ME!
GOOD!
IS IT ME, VELMA? HAVE I DONE SOMETHING TO UPSET YOU?
WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD YOU HAVE DONE TO UPSET HER? YOU'VE BEEN NOTHING BUT HELPFUL SINCE YOU JOINED UP WITH US!
THERE HE GOES AGAIN!
WHAT?
NOTHIN'!
DAISY, I--
I'M *SORRY.*
I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHY I SNAPPED AT YOU.
PERHAPS I'VE BEEN SO INTENSELY FOCUSED LATELY, SO DETERMINED TO CHART OUR PATH TO SURVIVAL--
--THAT I'VE BEEN FAR EDGIER, FAR MORE AGITATED, THAN I REALIZED--
--AND I DIDN'T MEAN TO TAKE IT OUT ON YOU. WE'RE--
WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE YOU AS PART OF OUR TEAM.
THANK YOU FOR SAYING THAT.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, SHAGGSTER?
HEY--I'VE GOT NOTHIN' TO APOLOGIZE FOR. NO LAWS AGAINST MUTTERIN'!
Y'KNOW, VELMA--I THINK I LIKED YOU BETTER WHEN YOU WERE AN INSECURE, SOCIALLY AWKWARD, GUILT-RIDDEN BALL OF NEUROSES.
YEAH, THOSE WERE THE DAYS, HUH? YOU TWO GOIN' AT IT ALL THE TIME!
WHY DON'T YOU TAKE A POKE AT HER FOR OLD TIME'S SAKE!
I'LL TAKE A POKE AT *YOU* IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!
VELMA--WHAT I JUST SAID...IT CAME OUT ALL WRONG. I JUST MEANT THAT LATELY YOU'VE BEEN COCOONED INSIDE YOURSELF. HARD TO REACH. AND I--
I GUESS I MISS OUR FRIENDSHIP.
NOW THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! EVERYONE HAPPY AND FRIENDLY AGAIN!
DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD GO CHECK ON CLIFFY?
WE WILL ONCE THE BATTLE'S OVER. BUT AS LONG AS HE AND SCOOBY ARE STAYING PUT--
--THEY'LL BE FINE.
I SAW SOME WELDING EQUIPMENT IN A *HOME STATION* STORE ON THE THIRD LEVEL.
WE SHOULD RETRIEVE IT AND USE IT TO WELD THE MALL DOORS SHUT.
WAIT. I JUST OPENED UP TO YOU...MADE MYSELF VULNERABLE...AND YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT WELDING?
C'MON, DAPH, *POKE* HER ONE!
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!
Y'KNOW, YOU'RE RIGHT: I FEEL TERRIFIC!
FIRST OF ALL--I WAS JUST KIDDIN'. SECOND OF ALL--
--WHAT THE HELL IS *WRONG* WITH YOU?
I'VE GOT ISSUES.

THE BRAINWAVE PROJECT: A SECRET UNDERGROUND INSTALLATION, SOMEWHERE IN SWITZERLAND...
...YOU'RE SURE ABOUT THIS?
AM I NOT THE WORLD'S GREATEST ASSASSIN, LE LOUP ASTUCIEUX? THE WILY WOLF?
NOT AN EXACT TRANSLATION, BUT IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH.
THAT DOESN'T ANSWER MY QUESTION.
YES, HERR PANOLEON, I AM CERTAIN! THE WOLF'S NOOSE IS TIGHTENING! AGENT OOO, AGENT HONEY BEA AND MOROCCO MOLE WILL ALL BE DEAD--
--IN 48 HOURS!

SECRET SQUIRREL in...
NO NOOSE IS GOOD NOOSE!

GIFFEN & DeMATTEIS: writers SCOTT KOLINS: artist HI-FI: colors TRAVIS LANHAM: letters
LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor HARVEY RICHARDS: editor JIM CHADWICK: black ops

EXCELLENT! AND I TRUST YOU WILL SHARE THE DETAILS OF YOUR PLAN WITH ME?
THAT I CANNOT DO!
WHAT? I WAS PERSONALLY SELECTED BY ***THE COMMITTEE*** TO SUPERVISE BRAINWAVE AND--
SUPERVISE THE PROJECT, PERHAPS, BUT NOT TO SUPERVISE--
--*LE LOUP ASTUCIEUX! THE WILY WOLF!*
NOT AN EXACT TRAN--
YES! YES! I KNOW! IT'S NOT AN EXACT TRANSLATION! YOU DON'T HAVE TO POINT THAT OUT EVERY TIME YOU SAY IT!
I ENDEAVOR TO BE ACCURATE, SIR.
YOUR SKILLS AT MURDER HAD BETTER BE ***EQUALLY*** ACCURATE, MONSIEUR WOLF!
I HAVE BEEN CONSTRUCTING THIS TRAP FOR MONTHS NOW. EVERY ENCOUNTER OOO HAS HAD WITH MY OPERATIVES--
--HAS BROUGHT MY MINUSCULE ADVERSARY ONE STEP CLOSER TO EXTINCTION!
I AM HAPPY TO HEAR THAT--
--BECAUSE PHASE ONE OF THE PROJECT IS ALMOST COMPLETE. WE HAVE REMOVED THE BRAINS OF THIRTEEN OF THE WORLD'S MOST BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS!
WE NEED OOO AND HIS COMPATRIOTS OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE PHASE TWO BEGINS!
AND SO IT SHALL BE, HERR PINOLEON! IN ALL MY YEARS AS A PROFESSIONAL ASSASSIN, I HAVE NEVER FAILED!
EXCEPT WHERE AGENT OOO IS CONCERNED!
I COULD HAVE SLAIN HIM YEARS AGO IF I'D WANTED TO--BUT OOO IS THE ONLY ADVERSARY I'VE EVER FACED WHO PRESENTS ME WITH A CHALLENGE--
--SO I HAVE ***CHOSEN*** TO LET HIM LIVE!
AH, BUT THE WOLF IS GETTING OLDER AND I'VE DECIDED TO RETIRE. THIS SHALL BE MY FINAL ASSIGNMENT--
--AND I INTEND TO EXIT THE STAGE WITH MY ***GREATEST KILL!***
THEN WHY WON'T YOU SHARE THE DETAILS OF THIS GLORIOUS EXIT WITH ME?
OH, I WOULD IF I COULD, PINOLEON--BUT ***DR. O*** HAS ORDERED ME NOT TO.
DR. O--? YOU...YOU'VE ACTUALLY MET OUR LEADER...FACE TO FACE?
SEVERAL TIMES, MEIN HERR. AND, I'M SORRY TO SAY, SHE'S LOST FAITH IN YOUR ABILITIES.
IN FACT, YOUR REPLACEMENT IS ON HIS WAY RIGHT NOW. AND THE GOOD DOCTOR HAS PAID ME A HANDSOME SUM TO ***REMOVE*** YOU FROM THIS INSTALLATION.

"AND FROM THIS *WORLD*."
...GIVE ME THAT!
LET GO OF ME, *AGENT BEA!*
HAND IT OVER, *MOROCCO*-- NOW!
BUT WITHOUT MY *EXTENDITECH* I WON'T BE ABLE TO DRIVE!
SCREEEECH
KTANG
KLANG
RUNCH
PRECISELY.
NOW GET YOUR INFINITESIMAL ASS IN THE PASSENGER SEAT--
--AND LET *ME* DRIVE!
HMPH! DO YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THAT EQUIPMENT COST ME?
IF YOU SPENT MORE THAN FIVE QUID, YOU THREW YOUR MONEY AWAY--
--'CAUSE YOU ARE, WITHOUT A DOUBT, THE WORST DRIVER IN THE 133-YEAR HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE!
VROOOOM
IN THE PAST HALF HOUR ALONE YOU NEARLY DROVE US INTO A TRACTOR TRAILER... OVER A CLIFF... AND INTO A DITCH!
"ALMOST" DOESN'T COUNT!
I DON'T KNOW HOW THAT IDIOT ALLOWED YOU TO BE HIS CHAUFFEUR FOR ALL THOSE YEARS!
HEY-- HE WAS A *TERRIFIC* DRIVER!
THANK YOU, *OOO!*
IT'S JUST A SHAME THAT POOR MOROCCO'S SO OLD AND DECREPIT NOW THAT HE CAN'T DO THE JOB!
"OLD AND DECREPIT"? I'M YOUNGER THAN *YOU* ARE!
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M ONLY 39!
YOU WERE 39 WHEN I *MET* YOU!

THIRTY-NINE *WEEKS!* I WAS A CHILD PRODIGY!
YOU ARE *EXASPERATING!*
WILL YOU TWO STOP THE VAUDEVILLE ROUTINE?
HEY, I'M JUST TRYING TO CHEER THE GUY UP! MOROCCO'S BEEN MOPING EVER SINCE WE RECRUITED HIM FOR THIS ASSIGNMENT!
AND WHY *DID* YOU DRAG ME OUT OF RETIREMENT?
ASK *DOUBLE-Q!* HE'S THE ONE WHO THOUGHT YOU WERE VITAL TO OUR SUCCESS!
I'D RATHER HAVE DONE THIS WITHOUT *EITHER* OF YOU IDIOTS!
HEY! *I'M* NO IDIOT!
AND I *AM?*
I HAPPEN TO BE THE MOST SKILLED OPERATIVE THE *I.S.S.* HAS!
WHICH IS WHY DOUBLE-Q BORROWED *ME* FROM MI6! LET'S FACE IT: IF *YOU'RE* THE BEST HE HAS--
--THIS MISSION IS DOOMED TO FAILURE!
Y'SEE HOW DESPERATELY SHE TRIES TO HIDE THE FACT THAT SHE'S *MADLY IN LOVE* WITH ME?
SIGH YOU ARE--AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN--A TOXIC COMBINATION OF EGO AND DELUSION! AGENT BEA DOESN'T LOVE YOU!
THE WOMAN CAN BARELY TOLERATE YOU!
AU CONTRAIRE, MY FAT FRIEND! HONEY ADORES ME--AND I'VE GOT THE *PICTURES* TO PROVE IT!
REALLY? IF YOU'VE GOT PICTURES, THEN SHOW THEM TO ME!
NO PROBLEMO! I'VE GOT 'EM RIGHT HERE ON MY PHO--
SKREEEEECHHH
IF YOU SO MUCH AS *GLANCE* AT THAT PHONE I'LL SQUASH YOU LIKE THE BUG YOU ARE!
I'M NOT A BUG, I'M A MOLE--BUT *POINT TAKEN!*
N-NOW IF I MAY BE PERMITTED TO SPEAK IN MY OWN DEFENSE, THE ONLY REASON I ASKED TO SEE THE PHOTOS--

--IS BECAUSE I'M CERTAIN THEY DON'T EXIST!
WELL, THEY *DON'T!*
I MEAN, THERE *WAS* ONE NIGHT IN HONG KONG DURING THE *HY-SPY* FIASCO WHEN THE TWO OF US GOT HAMMERED--
--BUT THE ONLY PICTURES I REMEMBER ARE OF OOO DANCING NAKED ON THE BAR IN THE HOTEL NIGHTCLUB.
BUT IF YOU THINK FOR ONE MOMENT THAT *I'D* EVER--
I DIDN'T THINK THAT!
I...I RESPECT YOU TOO MUCH TO EVER IMAGINE SUCH A THING!
REALLY, MOROCCO? YOU RESPECT *HER* TOO MUCH--
--BUT YOU BELIEVE THAT *I* WAS DANCING NAKED IN A BAR?
WELL, YOU *WERE.*
THAT'S *BESIDE* THE POINT!
OKAY...I'M ONLY GOING TO SAY THIS ONCE. I WANT BOTH OF YOU TO SHUT YOUR BLEEDING MOUTHS--
--AND *FOCUS ON THE MISSION!*
IS THAT UNDERSTOOD?
YES, MA'AM!
OOO?
YES.
YES WHAT?
YES, *MA'AM.*
DOUBLE-Q'S OFFICE. I.S.S. HEADQUARTERS. LANGLEY, VIRGINIA.
GOOD! 'CAUSE WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW UP ON THAT INTELLIGENCE WE RECOVERED AND GET ON THE NEXT PLANE TO SWITZERLAND!
HMMM. THE WOLF HAD BETTER TAKE THEM OUT BEFORE THEY SET FOOT ON THAT PLANE--
--OR I'LL HAVE TO DO IT *MYSELF!*

THE HENRY HUDSON MALL. ALBANY, NEW YORK.
...WOW. THAT'S ONE HELLUVA BARRICADE WE BUILT. FEEL LIKE I'M IN *LES MISERABLES*.
EXCUSE ME, *SHAGGY?*
Y'KNOW? THE BROADWAY PLAY? FRENCH REVOLUTION? LOTS O' SINGING?
WE'RE TRYING TO KEEP OUT A HORDE OF MONSTERS AND YOU'RE BLATHERING ABOUT MUSICALS?
HEY! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I WAS IN ALL MY HIGH SCHOOL PLAYS!
WON AN AWARD IN MY JUNIOR YEAR FOR PLAYIN' TEVYE IN *FIDDLER ON THE ROOF!* THAT'S WHEN I GREW MY FIRST BEARD!
CAN WE *FOCUS*, PLEASE?
EXIT
Sale
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE

PRELUDE TO DISASTER!

KEITH GIFFEN: PLOT-MEISTER
J.M. DeMATTEIS: WORD-MEISTER
PATRICK OLLIFFE: PENCIL-MEISTER
TOM NGUYEN AND **ANDY OWENS:** INK-MEISTERS

HI-FI: COLOR-MEISTER **TRAVIS LANHAM:** LETTER-MEISTER **LIZ ERICKSON:** ASSISTANT-MEISTER
JILL THOMPSON: COVER-MEISTER
HARVEY RICHARDS: MEISTER **JIM CHADWICK:** MEISTER OF MEISTERS

INDEED. AND THE QUESTION WE SHOULD BE FOCUSING ON IS--
--WILL THIS BARRICADE HOLD SHOULD THOSE CREATURES OUT THERE LAUNCH AN ASSAULT ON THE MALL?
WHO KNOWS?
NOT THE ANSWER I WAS HOPING FOR, *FRED.*
THE ONLY CERTAINTY IN THIS WORLD, *VELMA,* IS UNCERTAINTY.
WOW, *DAPH.* THAT'S DEEP.
NO, IT'S NOT!
LOOK, WE'VE DONE OUR BEST. SEALED OFF ALL THE ACCESS POINTS. WE SHOULD BE SAFE FROM ANY ATTACKS FROM THE OUTSIDE.
THAT STILL LEAVES THE QUESTION OF THE BEASTS IN HERE WITH US.
TWO WARRING FACTIONS--ONE ARMY GATHERED IN *MEARS,* THE OTHER IN *CUNICKEL*--THAT ONLY EMERGE TWICE A DAY--
--TO ATTACK EACH OTHER IN SOME INSANE PARODY OF CONSUMER BEHAVIOR.
LUCKY THEY'RE NOT INTERESTED IN US.
YEAH, WELL, JUST BECAUSE THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED US YET, DOESN'T MEAN THEY *WON'T.*
I KNOW YOU THINK WE SHOULD JUST WAIT THEM OUT, VELMA. THAT THEY'LL EVENTUALLY KILL EACH OTHER OFF. BUT--
BUT WHAT IF THEY KILL US FIRST?
CAN'T EXACTLY TRANSFORM THIS MALL INTO OUR NEW HOME AND HEADQUARTERS IF WE'RE DEAD.
POINT RELUCTANTLY TAKEN. IF WE DON'T SEE A SIGNIFICANT REDUCTION OF THE *CONSUMERITE* RANKS SOON--
--I WILL CONSIDER ALTERNATE METHODS OF ELIMINATING THE WARRING FACTIONS.
WHAT'S TO CONSIDER? WE GO IN AND KILL 'EM ALL.
Y'ASK ME, WE'RE ALL GONNA DIE FROM THE STINK IN HERE LONG BEFORE *THAT* HAPPENS!
WE REALLY SHOULD CLEAR OUT THOSE CORPSES. GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT DISEASES THEY MAY BE SPREADING!

YOU WANNA GET RID OF THEM, FREDDY-- BE MY GUEST.
I'M NOT TOUCHING THOSE DISGUSTING THINGS!
THERE'S NO INDICATION OF INFECTION AMONG OUR GROUP.
I THINK WE'RE REASONABLY SAFE FOR NOW.
"REASONABLY"? I'D PREFER A MORE DEFINITIVE ANSWER.
THE ONLY CERTAINTY IS UNCERTAINTY, RIGHT?
TOUCHÉ.
LET'S HEAD BACK UPSTAIRS. WE NEED TO INSTALL MORE OF *DAISY'S* EXPLOSIVE DEVICES--
--TO ENSURE THAT THE *CONSUMERITES* DON'T INVADE THE UPPER LEVELS.
THE UPPER LEVEL'S ALREADY BEEN INVADED. *CLIFFY AND SCOOBY* WERE NEARLY KILLED!
THE CREATURE THAT ATTACKED THEM WASN'T ONE OF THE CONSUMERITES.
IT WAS CLEARLY ONE OF THE BEASTS FROM THE PARKING LOT. AND, WITH THE ACCESS POINTS BARRICADED--
--THERE'S VERY LITTLE CHANCE OF THAT HAPPENING AGAIN.
THERE! THAT'S THE LAST ONE. DAISY, I'M ASTONISHED TO SAY, DID A SUPERB JOB.
THESE EXPLOSIVES ARE *QUITE* EFFICACIOUS.
SO WE'VE LOCKED OURSELVES IN HERE WITH TWO ARMIES OF MUTATED MONSTROSITIES--
--AND OUR PRIMARY DEFENSE IS A STRING OF EXPLOSIVES SO POWERFUL THEY'LL PROBABLY KILL *US*, TOO?
...HEY, LITTLE DUDE! FEELIN' BETTER?
YEAH. I GUESS.
THAT WAS INCREDIBLY BRAVE OF YOU, CLIFFY... TAKING ON THAT BEAST ALL BY YOURSELF.

I WASN'T BY MYSELF. *SCOOBY-DOO* WAS WITH ME.
HE'S THE ONE WHO WAS REALLY BRAVE. IF NOT FOR HIM, I'D PROBABLY BE DEAD.
THAT'S MY GOOD BUDDY, SCOOBS--ALWAYS THERE WHEN YOU NEED HIM!
RANKS, RAGGY!
HEY, *WE* SHOULD BE THANKING *YOU.* I MEAN, WHAT IF--
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON BOARD WITH MY PLAN!
YOUR PLAN? I THOUGHT IT WAS *MY* PLAN!
SIGH THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN.
DOES IT REALLY MATTER *WHOSE* PLAN IT IS?
IF YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO USURP MY LEADERSHIP, DINKLEY, YOU'VE GOT ANOTHER THING COMING!
IT'S "THINK" NOT "THING"! ANOTHER *"THINK"* COMING!
WHAT'RE YOU-- THE *OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY?*
THOSE TWO AREN'T HAPPY UNLESS THEY'RE ARGUING.
I DON'T LIKE IT. MY MOM 'N' DAD USED T'ARGUE *ALL THE TIME.*
DAPHNE AND THE DOC ARE JUST LETTING OFF STEAM. AND, STRANGE AS IT SOUNDS--
--I THINK YELLING IS THEIR WAY OF SAYING THAT THEY CARE ABOUT EACH OTHER.
I WONDER IF IT WAS LIKE THAT WITH MY PARENTS.
GUESS... GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW, WILL I?
DON'T DWELL ON THE PAST, CLIFFY.
WE'VE GOT TO FOCUS ON THE HERE AND NOW. ON SURVIVAL.
DAISY! WHERE *WERE* YOU?
FOUND A BUNCH OF OLD TV REMOTES IN A STOREROOM. TURNED THEM INTO TRIGGERING DEVICES FOR THE EXPLOSIVES.
WAS IT HARD TO DO?
EASY AS PIE. FEELS GOOD TO BE CHALLENGING MYSELF AGAIN. USING MY SKILLS. MY INTELLECT.
I FEEL LIKE DAISY *VALDEZ* AGAIN--NOT THE MINDLESS MANNEQUIN I TURNED INTO WHEN I BECAME MRS. RUFUS DINKLEY!
BUT YOU LOOK WORRIED, KIDDO. WHAT'S UP?
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE THING THAT ATTACKED US.
WHAT *ABOUT* IT?
WELL, IT WASN'T LIKE THE OTHERS. THIS ONE...IT COULD--

...ALL RIGHT! *ALL RIGHT!* WE'LL GIVE IT ANOTHER WEEK!
BUT IF THOSE TWO ARMIES HAVEN'T TAKEN EACH OTHER OUT BY THEN--WE'RE DOING IT *FOR* THEM!
AGREED!
THEN WHY ARE WE YELLING?!
GOOD!
I DON'T KNOW!
I'VE GOT TO DOUBLE-CHECK THE CONNECTIONS ON THE REMOTES. MAKE SURE THE FREQUENCIES ARE KEYED IN TO THE EXPLOSIVES.
YOU TWO STAY OUT OF TROUBLE!
BUT I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE--
WE'LL TALK LATER. PROMISE! BUT IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I--
HMMMM...
I'D OFFER A PENNY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS--
--BUT GIVEN THAT WE'RE LIVING IN A POST-APOCALYPTIC HELLSCAPE, CURRENCY, AS WE ONCE UNDERSTOOD IT, IS AN OUTDATED CONCEPT.
UH... SHAGGY...?
YOU SAY SOMETHIN', DAZE?
NOTHING IMPORTANT.
YOU LOOK TROUBLED.
GUESS THE MORE I THINK ABOUT IT, THE MORE STAYIN' HERE SEEMS LIKE A BAD IDEA.
BUT EVERY TIME I TRY T'COME UP WITH ANOTHER WAY OUT--I'VE GOT NOTHIN'. SO MAYBE STAYIN' *IS* THE RIGHT THING.
I...I JUST DON'T KNOW.
NOBODY KNOWS, SHAGGY.
WE'RE ALL JUST DOING THE BEST WE CAN.
SOME DAYS I WISH I'D NEVER TAKEN THAT JOB AT THE COMPLEX.
IF YOU HADN'T, YOU WOULD'VE BEEN INFECTED BY THE *NANITE PLAGUE.*
YEAH. BUT I WOULDN'T KNOW IT, WOULD I?
WE WOULDN'T HAVE MET EITHER.

AND THAT'S GOT TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING.
YEAH. YEAH, IT DOES. IN FACT, I--
FINDING YOU... ALL OF YOU...WAS THE BEST THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME IN YEARS.
I WAS EXTREMELY CLOSE WITH MY FAMILY GROWING UP, BUT RUFUS...HE DRAGGED ME INTO HIS WORLD, LOCKED OUT EVERYONE I LOVED. AND NOW--
--THEY'RE ALL GONE.
BUT YOU AND CLIFFY AND FRED AND SCOOBY...EVEN VELMA AND DAPHNE...YOU'RE MY FAMILY NOW.
WITHOUT YOU, I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO GET UP AND FACE ANOTHER DAY IN THIS WRETCHED WORLD. WITHOUT YOU--
--I WOULDN'T HAVE ANY HOPE.
FAMILY, HUH? SO I'M...WHAT? LIKE YOUR BROTHER OR SOMETHIN'?
WHAT YOU ARE TO ME, SHAGGY, IS--
YOU ARE INSUFFERABLY ARROGANT!
ME? LOOK UP ARROGANCE IN THE DICTIONARY AND THERE'S A PICTURE OF YOUR WHOLE DAMN FAMILY!
SMEK
DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER EVER TEACH YOU NOT TO HIT? WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH YOU?
DID YOU JUST INSULT MY MOTHER?
SMEK
I SWEAR, THOSE TWO ARE TURNIN' INTO ABBOTT AND COSTELLO!
WHO?
DON'T TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW BUD AND LOU--THE GREATEST COMEDY DUO IN THE HISTORY OF CINEMA!
I'M AFRAID I'M RATHER IGNORANT WHERE POPULAR CULTURE IS CONCERNED. WE DIDN'T EVEN OWN A TELEVISION WHEN I WAS GROWING UP.
MY MOTHER THOUGHT IT WAS VULGAR.
ALL I DID WHEN I WAS A KID WAS WATCH TV. AND READ. AN' IF I WASN'T GLUED TO THE TUBE, I WAS AT THE LIBRARY WITH MY NOSE IN A BOOK.
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD, SHAGSTER...

...JUST MAKE YOUR MOVE ALREADY!
HE FELL FOR DAISY MONTHS AGO AND THE POOR GUY IS STILL TRYING TO SCREW UP THE COURAGE TO TELL HER HOW HE FEELS.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT HE'S SO AFRAID OF.
OR MAYBE I DO.
TRUTH IS, I'VE BEEN FEELING A LITTLE VIBE WITH DAISY *MYSELF* LATELY. NOT THAT I'D EVER DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT. FOR ONE THING, IT'D HURT SHAGGY--AND THAT'S SOMETHING I'D NEVER DO.
AND, LET'S FACE IT, MY HEART BELONGS TO DAPHNE, NOW AND FOREVER.
CRETIN!
DUMB-ASS!
ALTHOUGH, *GOD KNOWS...*
...SOMETIMES I WONDER WHY.
MAYBE THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH ME. MAYBE SPENDING YEARS PURSUING A WOMAN WHO'S MADE IT CLEAR THAT SHE ONLY WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND...
...IS MY WAY OF AVOIDING A GENUINE RELATIONSHIP. AS LONG AS I'M CHASING AN IMPOSSIBLE GOAL, AN IMPOSSIBLE *GIRL...*
...I'LL NEVER HAVE TO COMMIT TO ANYONE ELSE.
I THOUGHT DAISY WAS GOING TO WORK ON THE REMOTE DETONATORS.
HUH? OH.
I GUESS SHAGGY DISTRACTED HER.
WHAT'RE YOU TWO UP TO?
HEADIN' OVER TO *CANDYTOWN.* SCOOBY'S HUNGRY.
I DON'T KNOW *HOW* T'WHISTLE!
WELL, IF YOU NEED ME, JUST WHISTLE.
I DIDN'T MEAN THAT LITERALLY.
THAT WOMAN--

--IS *INFURIATING!*
TELL ME ABOUT IT.
BUT SHE'S ALSO SMART AND CAPABLE AND BRAVE. ⋮SIGH⋮ AND SO DAMN BEAUTIFUL.
PLEASE! I'M IN THE MIDST OF A QUASI-PSYCHOTIC RANT AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ROMANTIC FRUSTRATIONS!
SORRY.
GAHH--! FRED JONES-- YOU ARE *SUCH* A *DEFEATIST!*
YOU SIT HERE MOPING AND SIGHING AND WISHING AND HOPING, BUT YOU NEVER *DO* ANYTHING!
WHAT?
"NEVER DO ANYTHING"? SINCE WE FIRST MET, I MUST HAVE *PROPOSED* TO DAPHNE A DOZEN TIMES OVER!
REALLY? AND HOW DID THAT WORK OUT FOR YOU?
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NO!
NOT SO GOOD.
BECAUSE YOU ALWAYS *GIVE IN* TO HER! YOU FOLLOW HER AROUND LIKE A LOVESICK PUPPY AND DO *WHATEVER SHE SAYS!*
WELL, I'M NOT MAKING THE SAME MISTAKE!
WAIT. *YOU'RE* GONNA PROPOSE TO HER?
NOT IF SHE WAS THE LAST HUMAN ON THE PLANET!
THEN WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
DAPHNE! SHE DECIDED SHE'S NOT GOING TO WAIT! SHE'S GOING INTO *MEARS* AND *NICKEL'S* ALONE TO CLEAN OUT THE CONSUMERITE NESTS!
I THOUGHT YOU'D AGREED TO WAIT A WEEK BEFORE TAKING ANY ACTION.
EXACTLY!

WHY ARE YOU SMILING?
IT'S NO LAUGHING MATTER! IF SHE GOES IN THERE ALONE, SHE'LL BE KILLED!
BECAUSE DAPH CAN'T HELP HERSELF. SHE'S A WOMAN OF ACTION.
DON'T WORRY, DOC. I'LL TALK HER DOWN.
RIGHT! BECAUSE SHE *ALWAYS* LISTENS TO YOU!
ACTUALLY... SHE DOES.
MOST OF THE TIME.
IN FACT, I MAY BE THE ONLY PERSON ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH WHO CAN TALK HER OUT OF SOMETHING.
WELL, I HOPE SO!
I THINK I LIKED IT BETTER WHEN THE TWO OF US WEREN'T FRIENDS. I DIDN'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT HER ALL THE TIME.
NOW YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE BEING ME.
WELL, I'LL SAY THIS, FRED. IF YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD DAPHNE WILL ACTUALLY LISTEN TO--
--THEN MAYBE THERE'S HOPE FOR YOU TWO YET.
REALLY?
YOU...YOU THINK SO?
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I THINK. IT MATTERS WHAT YOU *DO!*
IF YOU WANT HER TO BE YOUR WIFE--
--AND, FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY--
--THEN GROW SOME BACKBONE--
--AND DON'T TAKE NO FOR AN ANSWER!
Y'KNOW--

"--SHE MAY BE RIGHT!"
...THOSE BEASTIES OUTSIDE SURE DO GET AGITATED WHEN THE CONSUMERITES ARE FIGHTIN'!
AGITATED, SHAGGY--AND FRIGHTENED. TOO FRIGHTENED TO EVEN *THINK* ABOUT COMING IN HERE.
SURE, DOC. BUT WHAT HAPPENS AFTER THE CONSUMERITES'RE GONE?
WE TAKE THE REST OF THEM OUT.
YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO EASY, DAPH.
NOTHING IN THIS LIFE IS EASY, FRED. YOU WANT SOMETHING, YOU'VE GOT TO WORK FOR IT. THAT'S WHAT MY FATHER ALWAYS SAID.
HENRY HUDSON MALL
MYSTERY MACHINE

YOUR POPS SOUNDS LIKE A REALLY CHEERFUL DUDE.
HE WAS A GREAT MAN. I OWE EVERYTHING THAT I AM TO HIM.
I WOULDN'T BE SO PROUD OF THAT FACT.
WHAT'D YOU SAY, DINKLEY?
DON'T YOU TWO START AGAIN. AND KEEP YOUR VOICES DOWN.
KYLE
WE DON'T WANT THOSE CONSUMERITES NOTICING US.
WHEN THEY'RE ENGAGED WITH EACH OTHER, THEY DON'T APPEAR TO BE AWARE OF ANYTHING ELSE.
THEIR MALL WAR IS APPARENTLY ALL CONSUMING.
I STILL SAY WE SHOULD FINISH THEM OFF NOW.
I THOUGHT I TALKED YOU OUT OF THAT IDIOTIC IDEA.
YEAH. FOR THE MOMENT.
Y'KNOW, I *SAW* THIS MOVIE: POST-APOCALYPTIC SURVIVORS TRAPPED IN A MALL. DOESN'T END WELL.
THIS ISN'T A MOVIE, SHAGGY. IT'S REAL LIFE.
COULDA FOOLED *ME!*

CAN I ASK A QUESTION?
SURE, CLIFF.
HOW COME THERE ARE NEVER FEWER OF THEM?
WHAT?
I MEAN, THEY KEEP FIGHTING AND FIGHTING. SLAUGHTERING EACH OTHER. BUT WHENEVER THE NEXT BATTLE STARTS--
--THEIR ARMIES SEEM TO BE THE *SAME SIZE.*
*RUH-*ROH.
RIGHT?
I, LIKE, HATE T'SAY IT--
--BUT THE LITTLE DUDE'S GOT A POINT. WE KEEP *WAITIN'* FOR THEM T'THIN OUT THE HERDS--
--BUT, FAR AS I CAN TELL, THE HERDS AREN'T ANY THINNER!
IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THEY'RE... *BREEDING?*
THEY'D HAVE TO BE DOING IT IN A RATHER REMARKABLE WAY TO REPLENISH THEIR RANKS SO SWIFTLY.
WELL, THEY *ARE* MUTANTS. WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF?
WHICH IS WHY I SAY THAT WE WAIT TILL THE BATTLE'S OVER AND THEN--
WE'RE *NOT* ATTACKING. NOT UNTIL WE UNDERSTAND WHAT THEY'RE CAPABLE OF.
THEN WE SEND IN A *RECONNAISSANCE TEAM* TO GATHER INTEL.
YES.
"YES"? JUST LIKE THAT? AREN'T YOU GONNA ARGUE WITH ME?
NOT THIS TIME.
YOU SEE, AFTER SOME DELIBERATION, I'VE COME TO THE RATHER STARTLING REALIZATION THAT OUR SQUABBLING--
--IS ACTUALLY AN EFFICIENT WAY FOR THE TWO OF US TO OBSERVE OUR SITUATION FROM A MULTIPLICITY OF ANGLES--
--AND DEVISE SOLUTIONS THAT NEITHER OF US COULD GENERATE ALONE.
YEAH, WELL, HURRAY FOR YOU TWO.
I, FOR ONE, THINK WALTZIN' INTO THEIR NESTS--

"--IS, LIKE, THE WORST IDEA EVER."
...WELL, HERE WE ARE WALTZING INTO THEIR NESTS!
IF YOU'RE SCARED, FRED, THEN WHY DID YOU VOLUNTEER TO COME ALONG?
FIRST OF ALL, IF I *WEREN'T* SCARED WALKING INTO A SITUATION LIKE THIS I'D BE INSANE.
I'M NOT SCARED.
PROVING MY POINT.
AND SECOND OF ALL...?
YOU HAVE TO ASK?
IF YOU DON'T KNOW BY NOW THAT I'D FOLLOW YOU INTO THE BOWELS OF HELL, DAPH, THEN YOU'RE NOT ONLY INSANE--YOU'RE STUPID!
DO YOU...DO YOU REALLY THINK I'M CRAZY, FRED?
WHAT? NO.
BUT, HONESTLY, DAPH--YOU'VE BEEN ACTING A LITTLE WEIRD LATELY. EVEN FOR YOU.
HOW SO?
YOU'VE BEEN SMACKING VELMA AROUND LIKE YOU'RE *MOE* AND SHE'S *SHEMP.*
OH, IT'S ALL IN GOOD FUN.
CJ Nickel
AND THAT BLOODY NOSE YOU GAVE SHAGGY?
IT WAS ALL IN GOOD--
OH. I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.
Y'KNOW, FRED, WHEN I WAS A KID MY *FATHER* USED TO SMACK ME AROUND LIKE THAT.
WHAT? THAT'S AWFUL.
NEVER ENOUGH TO REALLY HURT ME. I GUESS HE THOUGHT IT WOULD TOUGHEN ME UP.
HOW COME YOU NEVER TOLD ME?
I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT. IT WAS JUST...DAD'S WAY.
YEAH, WELL, "DAD'S WAY" WAS CRUEL AND ABUSIVE.
MAYBE SO. BUT HE WAS ALSO THE STRONGEST PERSON I'VE EVER KNOWN.
RIGHT. AND WITH ALL THE STRESS YOU'VE BEEN UNDER...HAVING TO STEP INTO A LEADERSHIP POSITION, TRYING TO WATCH OUT FOR ALL OF US--
--YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO ACT *MORE* LIKE YOUR FATHER AND--
ARE YOU *PSYCHOANALYZING* ME?
MAYBE A LITTLE.
SIGH I SHOULD'VE BROUGHT *SHAGGY.*

RICK!
RANDY!
JAY!
JONNY!
ANDY!
IRA!
YOU CAN'T KEEP PLAYING THAT GAME WITH ME, DAPH.
WHAT GAME?
THE SAME ONE YOU'VE BEEN PLAYING SINCE COLLEGE. LETTING ME GET CLOSE...AND THEN PUSHING ME AWAY.
IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, THE WORLD HAS CHANGED. AND WHAT WE HAVE TOGETHER...THIS BOND WE SHARE...IT'S MORE IMPORTANT THAN--
THIS IS RECONNAISSANCE, NOT COUPLES THERAPY.
NOW KEEP QUIET--AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN.
WE'VE GOTTA GET A *CREATURE COUNT.* SEE WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.
CJ Nickel
AND THAT'S *ALL* WE'RE DOING. WE GET A COUNT AND WE GET OUT, RIGHT?
RIGHT?
QUIET!
CJ Nickel
AND FOLLOW ME!
UH... DAPH--

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO.
--JUST IN CASE THIS THING GOES SOUTH--
IT'S A HAUNTED HOUSE, FRED, NOT A WAR ZONE. WE'RE NOT GONNA DIE--SO DON'T YOU EVEN THINK OF PROPOSING!
YEAH, BUT TEN PEOPLE *HAVE* DIED IN THIS PLACE OVER THE YEARS. AND THE LOCAL LEGENDS SAY THAT--
"LOCAL LEGENDS"! YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT CRAP, DO YOU? WE'VE DONE 92 EPISODES OF *DAPHNE BLAKE'S MYSTERIOUS MYSTERIES*--
--AND WE'VE NEVER UNCOVERED ANYTHING EVEN *VAGUELY* SUPERNATURAL.
WHAT ABOUT THAT *HEADLESS GHOST* WE RAN INTO IN THAT HAUNTED MANSION IN UPSTATE NEW YORK?
THE ONE THAT TURNED OUT TO BE A DISGUISED NEIGHBOR WHO WAS LOOKING FOR SOME MONEY HIDDEN IN THE ATTIC?
HE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN A GHOST, BUT THAT GUY WAS NUTSO--
--AND HE HAD AN *AXE!*
Y'KNOW, FRED, SOMETIMES I THINK YOU JUST *PRETEND* TO BE AFRAID SO YOU CAN HAVE AN EXCUSE TO ASK ME TO MARRY YOU!
YOU DON'T FIND THIS PLACE THE LITTLEST BIT SPOOKY?
I *LIKE* SPOOKY! I LIKE RISK! I LIKE DANGER! AND *SO DO YOU*--
--OR YOU WOULDN'T BE DOING THIS WITH ME! BUT I'LL TELL YOU WHAT--
--IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER... GO AHEAD AND PROPOSE AGAIN.
AHEM *OKAY,* THEN: DAPHNE BLAKE--
--WILL YOU MARRY ME?
NOW.
OF COURSE NOT!

THINK ABOUT THIS, DAPH-- 'CAUSE IT'S THE *LAST TIME* I'M EVER GOING TO ASK.
NO, IT'S NOT.
IT *IS!* THERE'S ONLY SO LONG ANYONE...EVEN A LOVESICK MORON LIKE ME...CAN KEEP DOING THIS. SO I'M GONNA SAY IT AGAIN:
DAPHNE ANN BLAKE... *WILL YOU MARRY ME?*
YES.
WHAT?!
DID YOU FEEL THAT?
FEEL WHAT?
A DISTURBANCE IN THE *FORCE!* A GLITCH IN THE *MATRIX!*
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?
I'M, LIKE, NOT SURE--

"--BUT SOMETHIN' *REALLY BIG* JUST HAPPENED!"
...OKAY, LET'S START COUNTING HEADS--
WAIT! YOU REALLY SAID *YES?* YOU'RE NOT *JOKING?*
NO, I'M NOT JOKING. AND KEEP YOUR DAMN VOICE DOWN--
--BECAUSE IF THOSE THINGS REALIZE THAT WE'RE HERE--
--IT'S GONNA BE THE *SHORTEST ENGAGEMENT EVER!*
CJNickel

SOMEWHERE OVER SWITZERLAND...
...I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU OWN YOUR OWN PLANE, BEA!
I'VE INVESTED MY MONEY WISELY OVER THE YEARS--
--WHILE YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND, NEVER MET A DOLLAR YOU COULDN'T SPEND.
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES...AND I WILL PLEDGE WITH MINE...
LIVE FOR TODAY, I ALWAYS SAY!
SPEAKING OF WHICH--THIS BAR IS STOCKED WITH SOME HIGH-QUALITY HOOCH!
YEAH, WELL, DON'T OVER-INDULGE. WE'RE ALMOST AT OUR DESTINATION AND WE'VE GOT TO REMAIN ALERT AND PREPARED.
HERE'S HOPING THAT TIP WE GOT WILL FINALLY UNRAVEL THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING BRAINS.
AFTER TWO DAYS OF TORTURE, I DON'T THINK OUR INFORMANT WAS LYING TO--
OR LEAVE A KISS WITHIN THE CUP...HICCUP... AND I'LL NOT ASK FOR WINE...
SIGH WILL YOU LOOK AT THAT PATHETIC WRETCH?
JUST WHEN I THINK MOROCCO MAY TURN OUT TO BE A VALUABLE ALLY, HE REMINDS ME OF WHAT AN ASS HE IS!
HEY, EVERY HERO NEEDS A COLORFUL SIDEKICK. PLUS--HE MAKES A TERRIFIC COUSCOUS!
HE'S A USELESS IDIOT.
I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT I HICCUP HAVE FOUR DEGREES FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF--
HORK!
THAT'S IT!

SECRET SQUIRREL in... BETRAYED!

Editor supreme HARVEY RICHARDS* presents:
GIFFEN & DeMATTEIS: writers
KELSEY SHANNON: art and colors
TRAVIS LANHAM: letters LIZ ERICKSON: asst. editor
JIM CHADWICK: drives an Aston Martin with an ejector seat

*SOMETIMES YOU'VE JUST GOT TO LET YOUR EDITOR KNOW YOU APPRECIATE HIM.

I HAVE HAD IT WITH--
NO! IF YOU BREAK HIM I MIGHT NEVER BE ABLE TO PUT HIM BACK TOGETHER!
OUT OF THE WAY, OOO, OR YOU'RE NEXT!
I AM AFRAID--
--THAT YOU ARE *ALL* NEXT!
WHO THE BLOODY HELL?
IT IS I-- *LE LOUP ASTUCIEUX! THE WILY WOLF!*
NOT AN EXACT TRANSLATION, BUT IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH.
BEFORE WE LEFT THE GROUND, I MURDERED YOUR PILOT! PLANTED A BOMB ON THIS PLANE--WHICH WILL EXPLODE IN TWO MINUTES!
AND NOW, MY HATED ARCH-ENEMY, AFTER YEARS OF DANCING ACROSS CONTINENTS... EACH OF US TRYING DESPERATELY TO OUTWIT THE OTHER--
--THE TIME HAS COME FOR OUR *FINAL ENCOUNTER!* ON THIS DAY, AGENT OOO, WE WILL PERISH TOGETHER--
--IN A BURST OF FLAME AND FURY!
WHO *IS* THIS GUY?
DAMNED IF *I* KNOW!

YOU FEIGN IGNORANCE? PRETEND NOT TO KNOW THE MASTER ASSASSIN WHO HAS BEEN YOUR MOST CUNNING ADVERSARY FOR DECADES?
FEIGN SHMEIGN! I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE!
AH...YOU SEEK TO PLAY MIND GAMES WITH ME AS WE DID IN DAYS PAST! BUT THE TIME FOR GAMES IS OVER--
--AND THE TIME FOR DEATH IS *HERE!*
HOW FITTING THAT IT ENDS THIS WAY--FOR THERE ARE NO TWO SOULS IN ALL THE UNIVERSE MORE DEEPLY CONNECTED THAN THE WILY WOLF AND AGENT OOO!
IN TRUTH, WE ARE MORE ALIKE THAN EITHER OF US EVER DARED ADMIT! BOUND TOGETHER BY AN UNBREAKABLE WEB OF BLOOD AND--
BANG!
I *HATE* RANTING VILLAINS!
THUD
SO, UH, WHO WAS HE REALLY?
I HAVE NO *IDEA!* DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY CRAZED ASSASSINS HAVE TRIED TO OFF ME OVER THE YEARS?
YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME T'KEEP TRACK OF ALL OF THEM!
UH...BOYS? IF WOLF WASN'T LYING, THAT BOMB HE PLANTED IS GONNA BE GOING OFF IN--
--FOUR SECONDS.

FWAKA-THOOOOM
MOROCCO OL' BUDDY--YOU HAD THAT PARACHUTE ON YOU THE WHOLE TIME?
I MAY OFTEN BE INEBRIATED--BUT I AM *HICCUP* NEVER UNPREPARED!
WELL PLAYED, MATE!
COULD BE YOU'RE NOT SO USELESS AFTER ALL!
SO WHERE ARE WE?
ACCORDING TO THE TRACKER--
--NOT FAR FROM THE COORDINATES OUR INFORMANT GAVE US.
HEADQUARTERS OF THE BRAIN ROBBERS SHOULD BE ABOUT A MILE UP THE MOUNTAIN. JUST LET ME ADJUST THE GPS TO--
WHY NOT?
I...*UH*... DON'T THINK YOU'LL NEED THE GPS TO FIND 'EM, BEA.

OH.
DO NOT RESIST!
WHO'S RESISTING?
THAT'S GOOD--
--BECAUSE I'D HATE TO MURDER AN OLD FRIEND. WELL, MAYBE I WOULDN'T HATE IT, BUT I *WOULD* FEEL BAD ABOUT IT.
FOR A FEW MINUTES.
DOUBLE-Q?!
YES! THE VERY MAN WHO SENT YOU ON THIS ASSIGNMENT!
BUT *HOW*, CHIEF! *WHY?*
SAVE YOUR QUESTIONS FOR LATER, OOO. RIGHT NOW...*THE BRAINWAVE PROJECT* AWAITS! AND SO DOES--
--DOCTOR O!
TO BE CONTINUED!

VARIANT COVER GALLERY

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #19 variant cover by EVAN "DOC" SHANER

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #20 variant cover by BILQUIS EVELY and MAT LOPES

Bilquis Evely'17
Mat Lopes

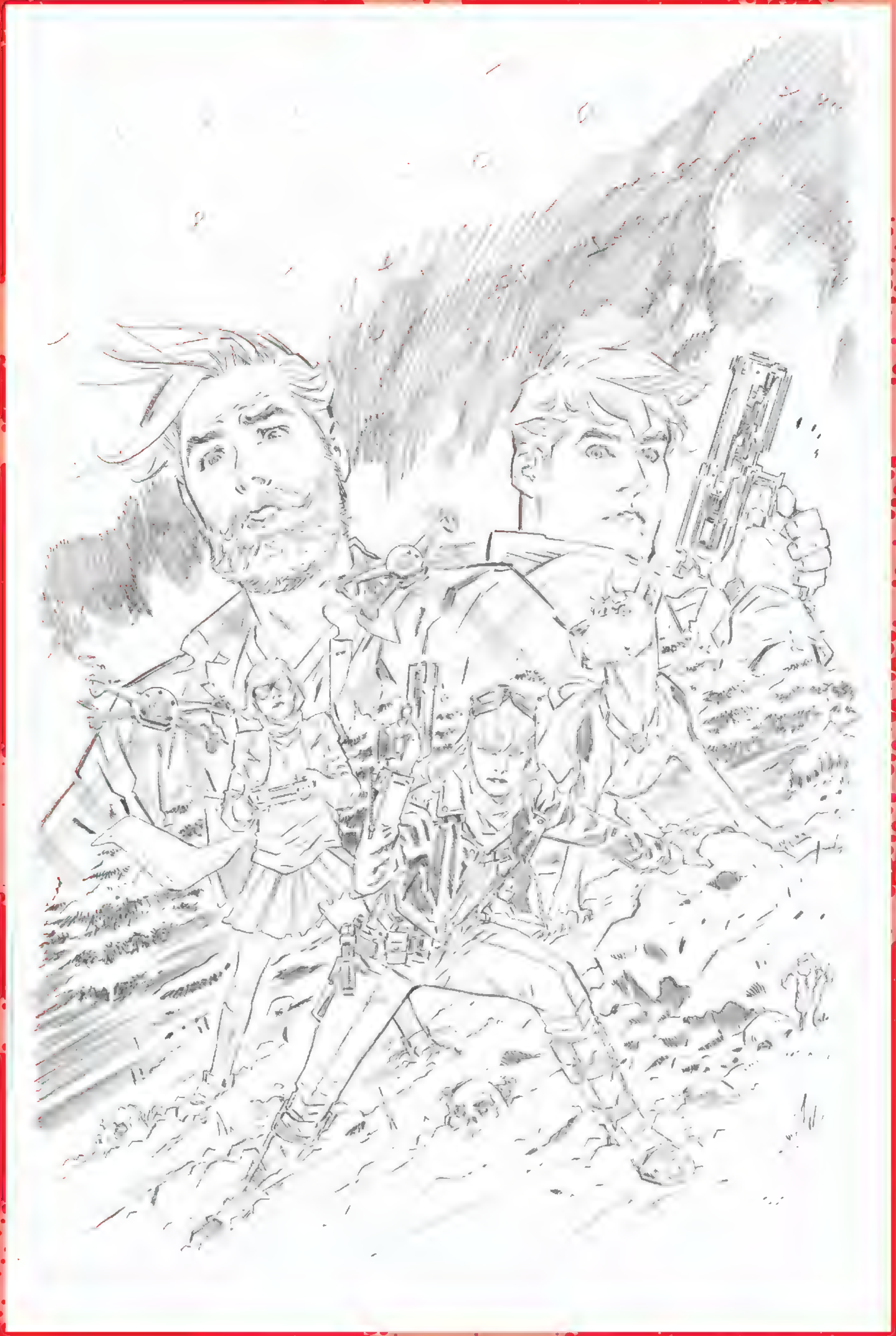
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #21 variant cover by PHILIP TAN and ELMER SANTOS

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #22 variant cover by HOWARD CHAYKIN with WIL QUINTANA

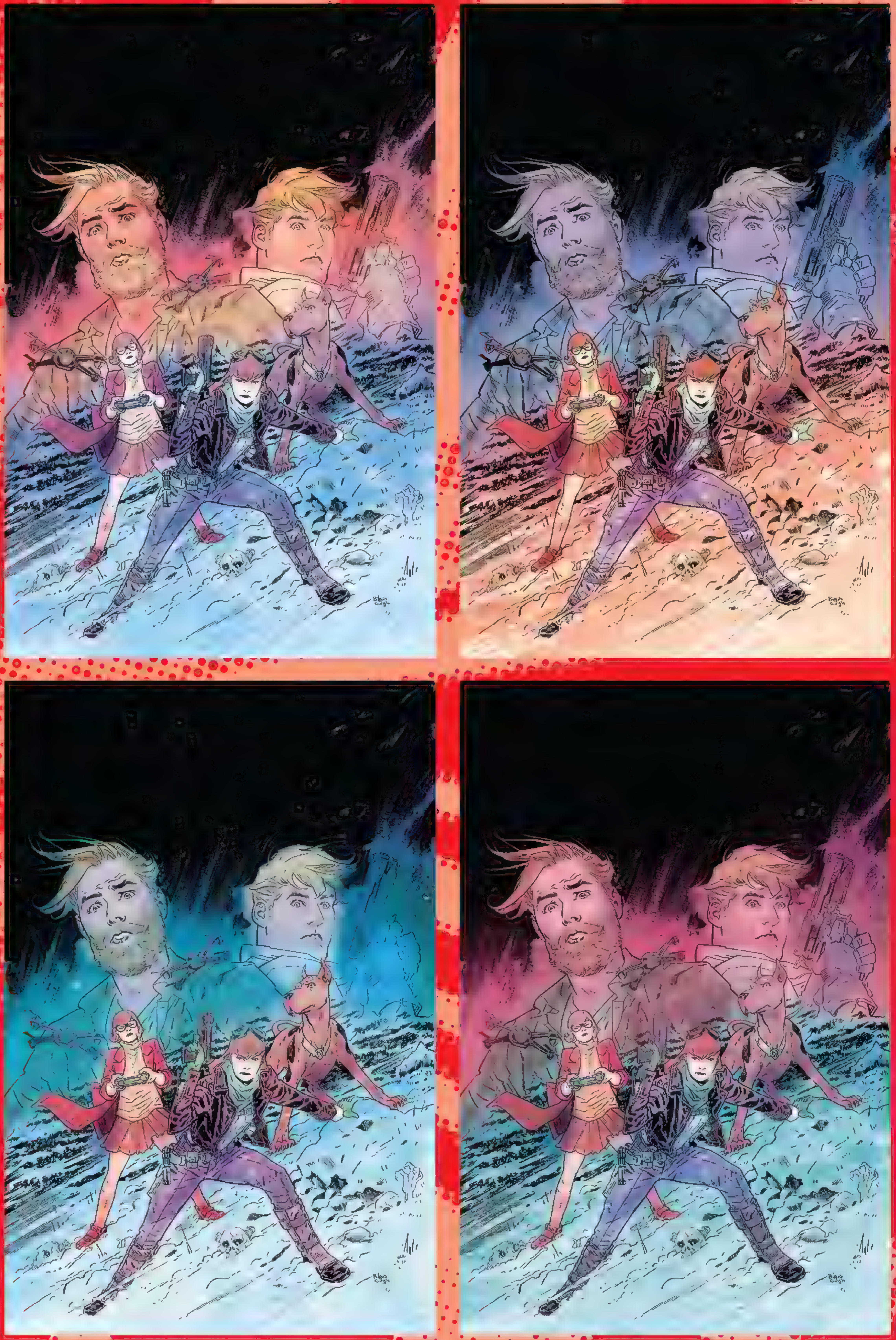
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #23 variant cover by BEN OLIVER

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #24 variant cover by TREVOR HAIRSINE and ANTOINE FABELA

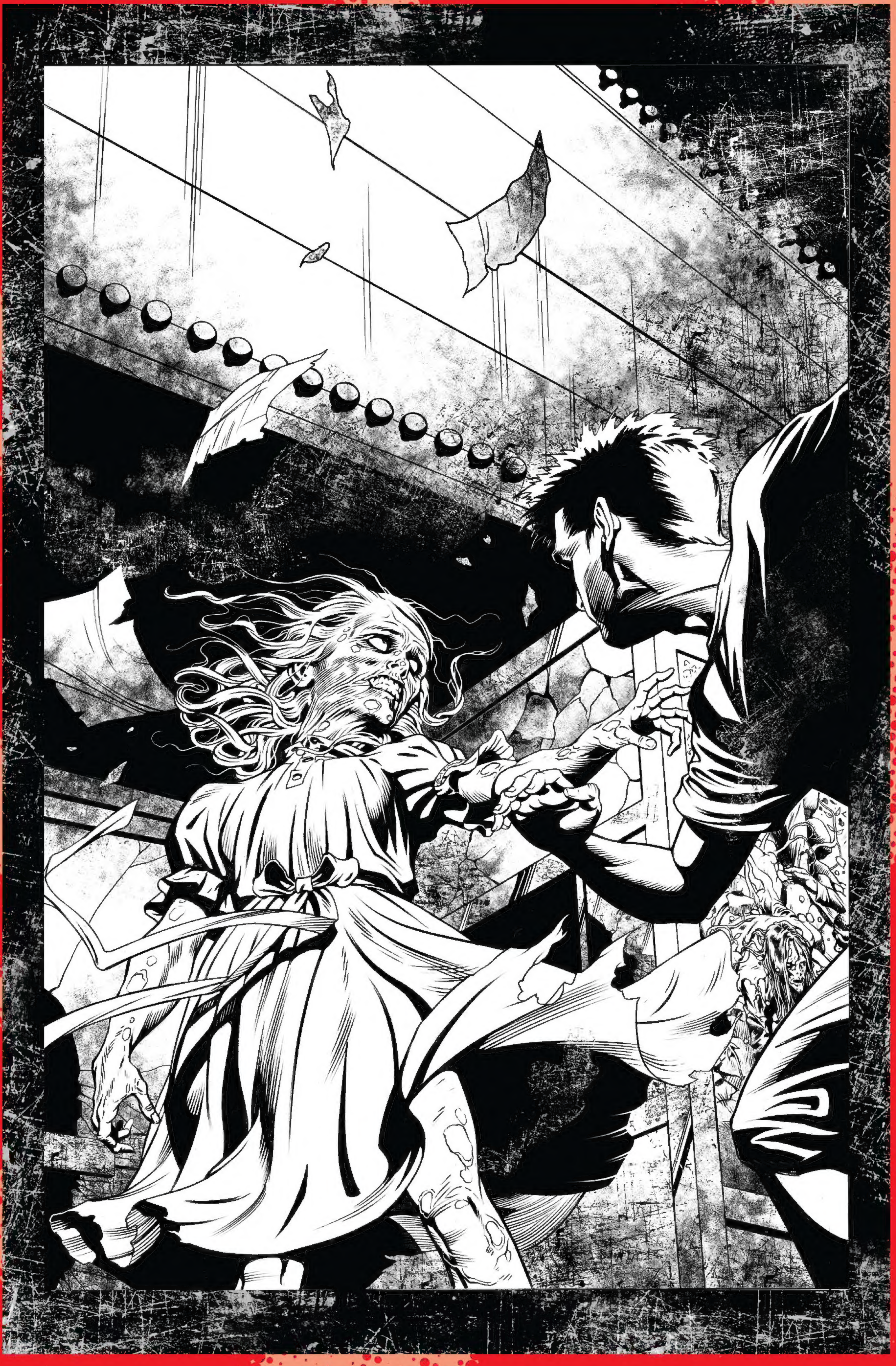
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #20 variant cover pencils by BILQUIS EVELY



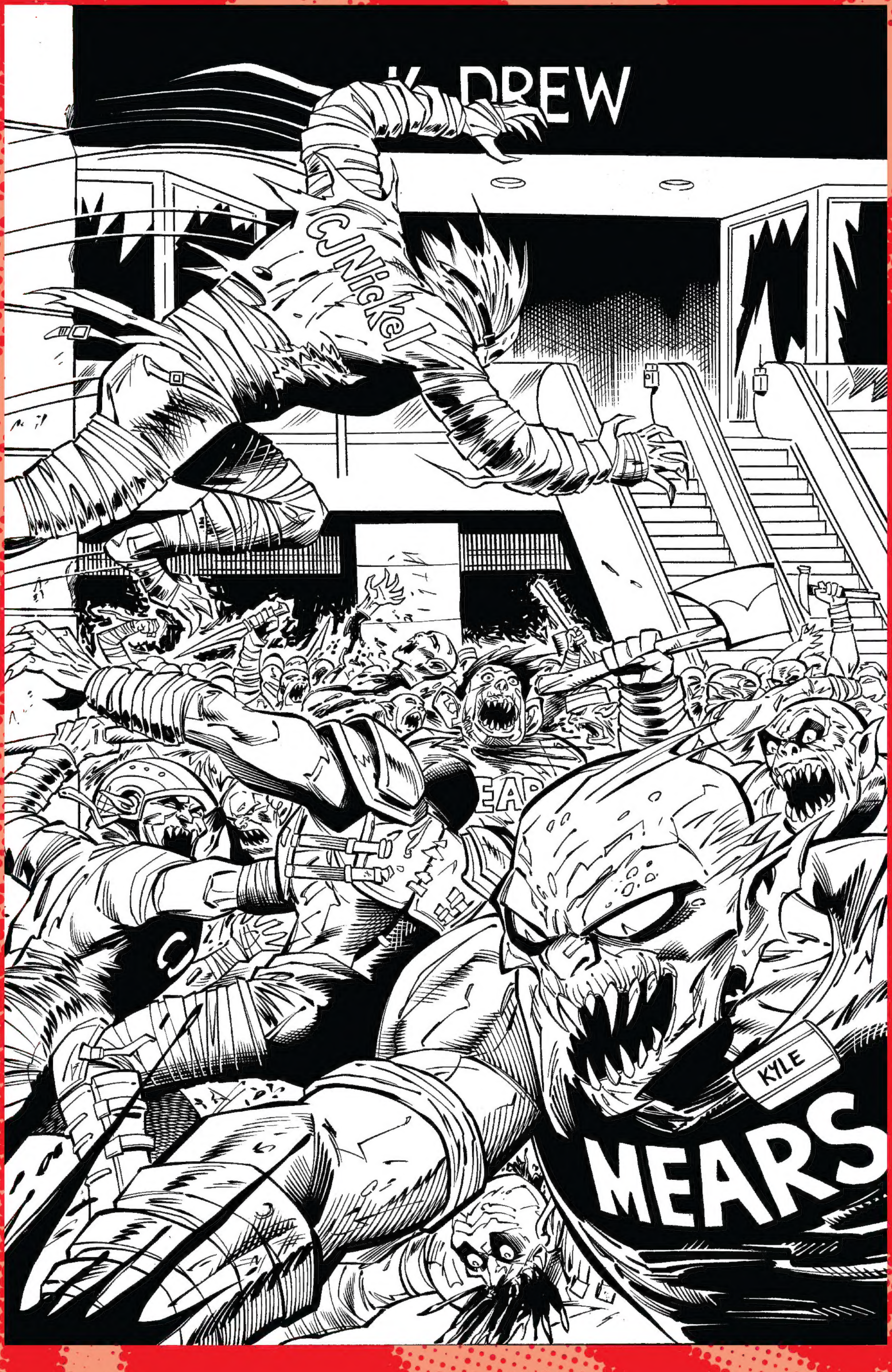
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #20 variant cover colors by MAT LOPES



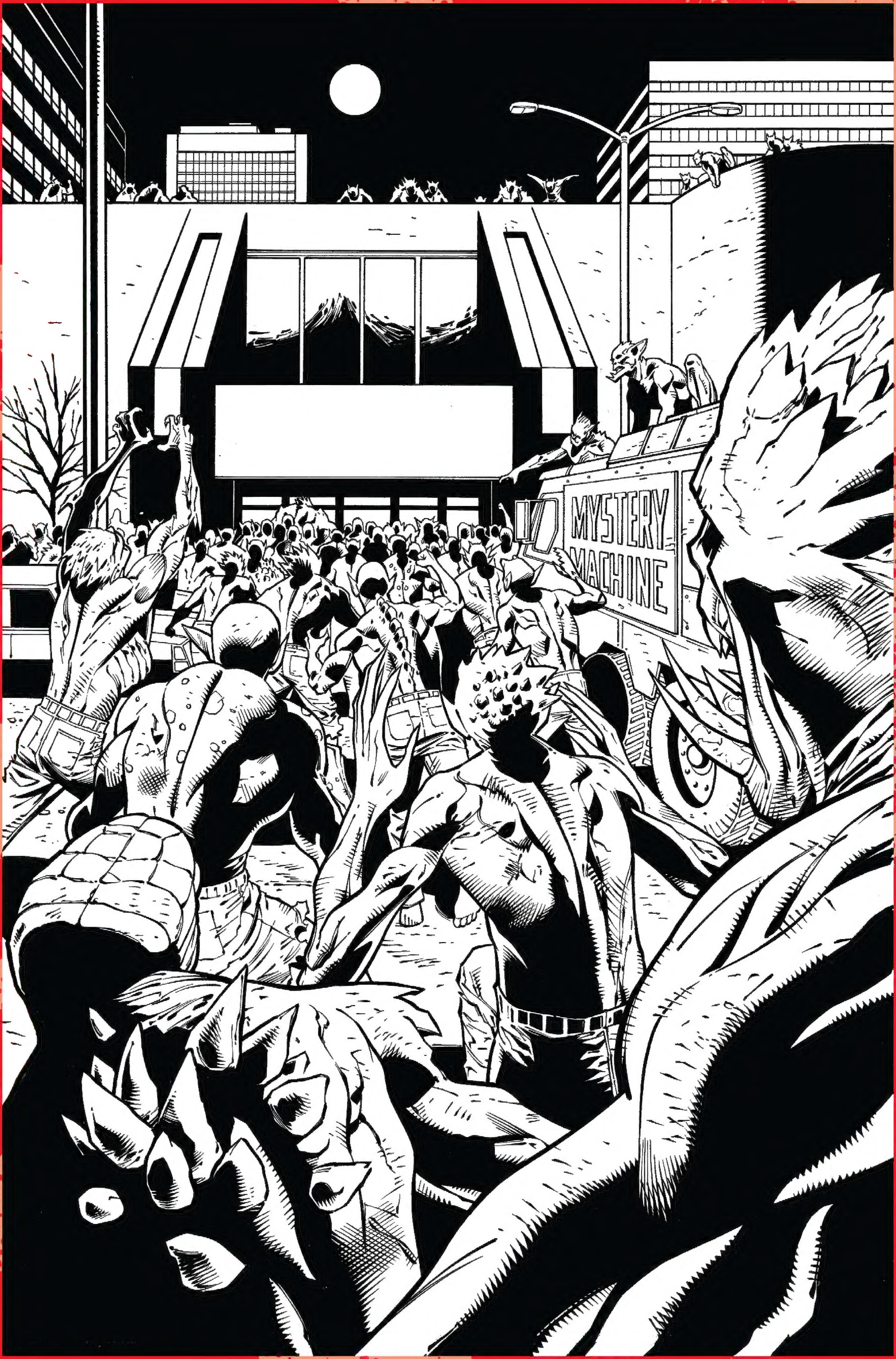
SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #19 page 15 inks by DALE EAGLESHAM



SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #23 page 15 inks by ANDY OWENS


K DREW
CJNickel
EAR
KYLE
MEARS

SCOOBY APOCALYPSE #24 page 10 inks by TOM NGUYEN


MYSTERY MACHINE

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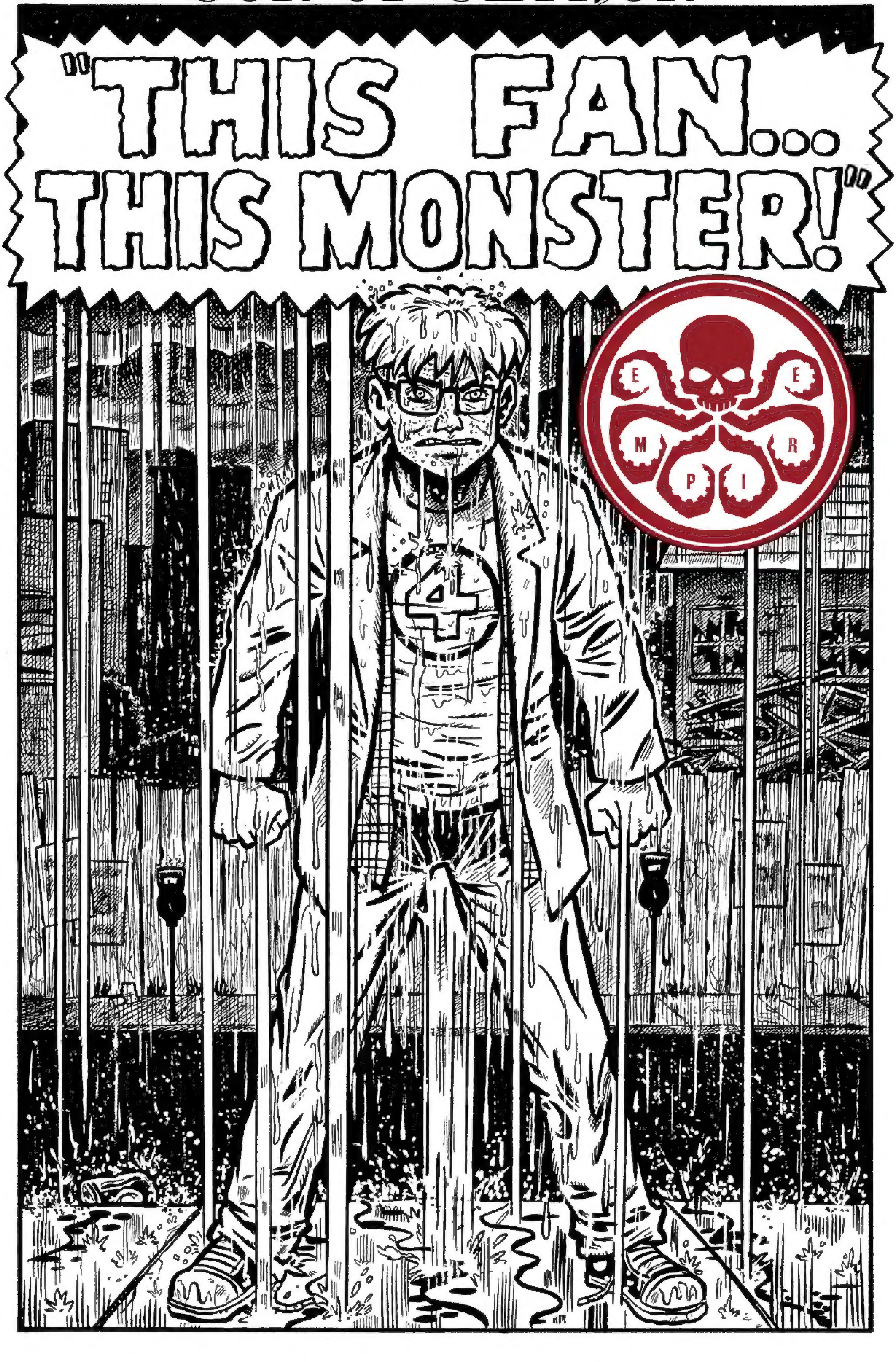
SON OF ULTRON


"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"
E M P I R E